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SOME EARLY HOMES OF MANKIND.

THE CAVE-DWELLERS.

BY FREDERICK STARR.

PROBABLY the oldest homes of which we know anything are those caverns in Europe where objects of man's handiwork are found in such connection with the bones of extinct mammals as to show that they are of the same age. When those animals were living, these caverns were the dwelling-places of men. Just how old in years these homes are we cannot say, and perhaps shall never know, but they are surely *very* old. The caverns now frequently look down upon valleys whose streams flow many feet below. When the cave-dwellers were here, the streams were flowing, in some cases at least, near the level of these cavern floors. Since then the streams have had time to cut their channels. This cutting work is very slow. If we knew how rapidly any of these streams is now eroding its channel and could be sure that it has always acted at the same rate, we could fix the age.

The geologist tells us that these caves in France were the home of man in the later quaternary. The great Ice Age was ending. The glaciers were melting rapidly and the streams were flooded. The life of Europe was undergoing a rapid change. Some mammals, common a little before, were disappearing; others were abundant which have since disappeared. The hairy elephant or mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros were still living though diminishing in numbers and importance. But herds of wild horses and countless reindeer pastured in the valleys. We see then that these homes are so old, that since they were inhabited great changes have taken place in the topography, the climate, and the fauna. Such changes require much time.

While all estimates as to the amount of this time are uncertain, it is nevertheless worth while to call attention to some attempt made recently in our own country

to determine it. Several methods have been pursued. One is based upon the rate at which waterfalls are cutting their ways backward. Another calculates the length of time a river would take to excavate its channel, the present annual amount of erosion being found by experimental study. A third considers the rate at which a lake is being filled with sediment carried in by its tributaries, and estimates from this how long a time is required to account for the sediment already there. In all these and other ways guesses have been made as to the length of time since the Glacial Period. As the results are *not* greatly discordant, we consider them worthy of consideration. From 7,000 to 10,000 years seems to be about the time. Now America is usually in geological time a little behind the Old World, and it is possible that the Glacial Period ended there a little earlier than here. So our cave-man has a very respectable antiquity.

As to the home itself there is very little to say. Generally it was simply a rock shelter, a little cavern worn by the elements in a cliff-side, with a projecting rock layer for a roof and a similar out-jutting layer for a floor. Sometimes it was the forward part of some more extensive natural cave. The older ones seem never to have been of artificial origin and very seldom, if ever, altered by human art in order to gain increased comfort or convenience. Such cavern homes, occupied in that old time, are known to us from a large region in Europe,—in Britain, Germany, Belgium, France, and Switzerland they have been found;—but most of what we shall say relates to France, as there they have been best studied.

All that remains to tell the story of the French cave-dwellers are the bones of his brute comrades, the rude tools and weapons which he made for use at home and in the chase, and some few—very few—of

his own bones. These remains occur in gravels that have drifted into the caves in times of flood, in the refuse heaps of the old kitchens, or imbedded in cave earth (a material of very slow formation in caverns), and these are frequently sealed up and covered by a layer of stalagmite formed by trickling water bearing lime. Not a very promising field of study or very hopeful material from which to reconstruct the daily life of the cave-man!

First, then, as to his brute companions.

Mountain grizzly-bear. It was extremely abundant, and no doubt cave-man and cave-brute sometimes waged war for the same shelter. Hyenas abounded, and carried to their rocky dens such carcasses as they found, and to them are due in many cases the vast accumulations of bones that have been found in some of the caves.

We know nothing of the furniture used by the cave-dweller. We may doubt whether he used any. A heap of dry leaves, or grass, or boughs, would make a



CAVE-DWELLERS.

The cave-man had no domestic animals. Although there were droves of horses and herds of reindeer in abundance, they were wild, and we have no evidence that man thought of them except as objects of the chase. Besides these there were extinct forms, such as the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, and species, now locally extinct at least, as the cave-bear and the cave-hyena. The cave-bear was much larger than any modern European bear, and much resembled our Rocky

bed, or a spot on which to sit. But though he was not particular about his furniture, and though he had very much still to learn, our cave-man had already made almost all of the *great* discoveries. He had found out how to make fire, had developed tools and weapons, made clothing, and delighted in graphic art. He had the first rude beginnings of social order. To kill great animals like the mammoth and rhinoceros, combination was necessary, and such combinations of men re-

quire a recognition of common interest and the settlement of compacts.

To this man the chase meant everything—food and clothing, life and protection. In the case of larger game a hunting-party might track the beast and by a combined assault kill him. In such cases there must have been a division of the spoil. No doubt a neighborhood would assemble at the spot where the beast was killed and each one cut off meat for himself and devour it then and there. What was left might be carried off in great pieces to the cavern homes. While they could cook meat, the cave-men no doubt often eat it raw. They were extremely fond of marrow, and the long bones of food animals were always split in order to get at it. The explorers of the caves have occasionally found long and narrow spoons made of reindeer horn and neatly carved, which are generally considered *marrow-spoons*. No pottery is known from the French caves, and as potsherds are almost imperishable we may believe that these old hunters did not know the art of making vessels of clay. To say that they did not boil food, however, would be rash; there is some evidence that they did. Pots of clay or metal are not an absolute necessity in boiling. The Hebrides Islanders heated milk in a skin by means of hot stones. The Assiniboines are a tribe of American Indians, whose name means "stone-boilers." Hot stones may be put in a wooden trough, or skin held at the corners to make it basin-shaped, with water and the vegetables or meat to be cooked, and the boiling is done. In the caves numbers of stones showing the action of heat have been found, and they are thought to have been used as boiling-stones.

But the meat was not the only part of the hunter's booty that the cave-man prized. Bones, horns and ivory, sinews and skins were all of value. It is almost certain that skins were used in making clothing. We know little of the form of the garments, but they were probably fairly close-fitting. Dawkins figures a drawing by a cave-artist which appears to represent a long glove or gauntlet of skin. Hunting scenes are represented in some of the cave-man's carvings, but the human figures in them are either nude or too poorly executed to give us any real information regarding dress. It is probable that the skins were scraped with flint scrapers and worked till they were soft

and pliable; two edges of the skins were then brought together, a row of holes bored through both with an awl, and then the sewing done with a thread of sinew and a needle of bone. These needles have been found in the caves and are quite remarkable, being in shape much like our own, even to the neat eye drilled through the larger end. They were made by cutting off bits of bone from the metatarsals of the horse or reindeer and carefully rubbing them down upon a piece of sandstone till smooth. The eye was drilled with a little splinter of flint. Lartet and Christy, whose work on these French caverns is a remarkable monument of investigation, have shown the way in which these needles were made, using the old tools of the cave-man himself. Not only did the cave-man use dress, he also adorned himself. Masses of mineral pigments have been found, which he probably used, as savage man does still, for painting his face, either to render himself beautiful or to mark his valor. At Duruthy we find yet more striking evidence of his love for finery and decoration. The cavern of Duruthy is in the Western Pyrenees, and here has been found a skull which is apparently that of a true cave-dweller. The person was evidently killed by the falling in of the roof of the cavern. Around his neck he wore a necklace of some forty canine teeth of the cave-bear. Some of these are carved with animal or other figures—thus one bears a seal, another a fish, etc. The necklace must have been a remarkable piece of work, and is particularly interesting as showing the fundamental idea of ornament, the wearing of trophies of the chase or of war.

The cave-man for tools and weapons



NEEDLES, GRAVERS, POINTS, AND MARROW SPOON.

used flint and horn chiefly. Reindeer antler was a particularly favorite material. From it he made harpoon and spear points of great beauty. These were extremely various in design, but the more elaborate were barbed on both margins. Of flint he made scrapers for dressing skins, and knives for cutting flesh, and points for carving. These latter tools are simply narrow splinters of flint, probably flaked from a pebble by pressure with a tool of horn or bone. There are certain clubs or long implements of antler from the caves which have been called "batons of command." The name sounds well, and so has attained

"points." They are large flakes, of a pointed oval form, a single plain surface on one side and chipping on the other. They were probably not attached to a shaft, but were used in the hand as knives or weapons.

Our cave-dweller was pre-eminently an artist with a mania for carving. All his tools of bone or horn were carefully cut, and most of them were engraved. Frequently they were covered with animal designs—thus on one "baton" there might be a group of horses, on another reindeer. On one bit of mammoth ivory is a roughly sketched but unmistakable



CARVING OF MAMMOTH ON A PIECE OF ITS OWN TUSK. (CAVE OF LA MADELAINE.)



BARBS FOR SPEARS—REINDEER HORN.



CARVED FIGURES OF REINDEER, HORSES, AND MAMMOTS ON REINDEER HORN.



TEETH OF CAVE-BEAR, CARVED AND PIERCED FOR NECKLACE. (CAVE OF DURUTHY.)

a wide use, but we have no knowledge that the implements were such. They are, however, quite numerous, and are well made and beautifully carved. To the carvings upon them we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the daily life in the caves. The carving was done with the burins above described. Knives were made in the same way as the graving tools but were larger and longer flakes, and the edge, not the end, was the part of importance. To make a scraper it was only necessary to chip the end of a knife to a suitable edge. The cave-man also made tools which the French archæologists call

likeness of the mammoth himself. On a fragment of schistose rock is a bold outline of a cave-bear. Mortillet tells us that carvings have been found of trout, pike, swan, goose, reindeer, horse, aurochs, urus, wild goat, saiga, chamois, deer, mammoth, wild boar, fox, wolf, bear, lynx, otter, rabbit. Of course the most interesting of all this long list is the mammoth, a creature now extinct. Three representations of him are known. Besides the one already mentioned there is a carving of an enraged mammoth charging on one of the "batons;" and the third one occurs as a handle to a poniard. All these animal

pictures are strikingly lifelike. A modern artist could hardly improve upon the beautiful carving of a reindeer from Kesslerloch, Switzerland. Nor are the representations confined entirely to engraving: occasionally they are true sculptures. One such case is the handle to a poniard already mentioned, carved in form of a mammoth; and a yet more striking one is where a reindeer figure is, skilfully used in the same way. This work is all so surprisingly good that we are apt to overlook its faults,—but they are glaring. There is absolutely no perspective and no proper proportioning of different figures in a group. It is a curious fact that the very few representations of the human form from the caves are wretched bits of work. Whether they are so because the artists *could* not do better or because they were superstitious regarding such representations is doubtful.

Whether the cave-man buried the dead or not has been much discussed. It seems as if, with our present knowledge, the question must be answered in the negative. Skeletons have been found in these old

cavern homes, but they are usually there from accidental causes or are the burials of a later race.

Such is the picture we can draw of the man who lived in the caves of France. He was a hunter and a spearer of fish; he dressed in skins and decorated himself with paint and trophies; he made rude tools and weapons of stone, bone, and horn; he decorated the tools of horn and bone with carving, particularly representations of animals. He cared but little for his dead.

What has become of him? Has he, like the mammoth and the cave-bear with whom he lived, disappeared from the earth? Perhaps so, but some authors think otherwise. There is a race still living—short, stout in figure, adapted to a cold climate, dressing in skins, carving implements from bone and ivory and decorating them with animal figures, and that cares little or nothing for its dead. This is the Eskimo, and it may be that the cave-man, whom we have thus studied in the oldest known home, is the ancestor. Who can tell?

Frederick Starr.



HOPES GONE BY.

BY ADRIAN A. CHRISTIE.

LIKE autumn-flowers that lose their petals by the way,
 And in the air a passing fragrance shed,
 So from my heart the flowers of hope hath fled,
 All gone. No lingering buds untouched by grim decay
 Adorn its hush of ruins while they may;
 But silent as the fleeting spirits of the dead,
 They flit away—departed—gone, as I have said;
 Sweet byway roses, thornless only for a day.

Ah me! ah me! faded and spent as autumn-leaves
 Their pleasures came and went—their race is run—
 Their pathway leading on in shade and sun,
 In tangled weeds of love, and broken hearts where grieves
 The soul, now reaped and barren of its sheaves;
 Where wounded Hope's lamented toil is done,
 And fades these dusk-like shadows of oblivion.

SOME ADOPTED AMERICANS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.



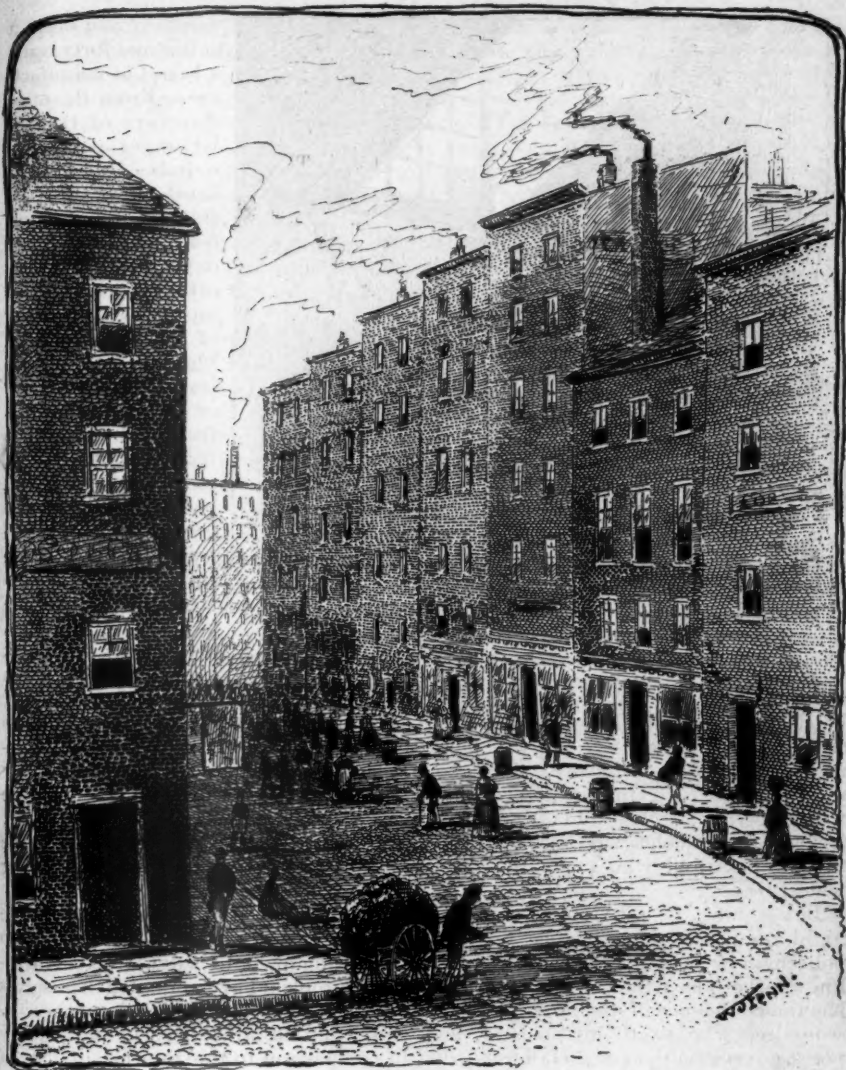
WHENEVER the question of restricting immigration is broached, there is a cry raised throughout the length and breadth of the country. Statisticians prove that we have room for sixty million more people in the United States. They talk of our "boundless prairies," our growing manufacturing interests, our farms which need laborers, and our mines and railroads which need workmen. The philanthropist and pseudo patriot take up the argument, and indulge in a vast amount of sentiment concerning this "glorious land of the free which offers a refuge to the oppressed of all the nations of the world;" and the average citizen, the American farmer, merchant, banker or manufacturer, listens to the discussions patiently and concludes that it is all a political scheme, a plan to influence votes.

It is, in fact, difficult for the average citizen to understand the gravity of the question which is forcing itself upon our attention, as a nation; he sees but little of the lowest strata of our adopted fellow-citizens. To the farmer or dweller in the rural districts, the Italian immigrant is represented by the picturesque tatterdemalion who amuses the children on a summer's afternoon with his hand-organ and monkey; and even the New Yorker, who sees more of this human scum floating along the tide of the city streets, realizes only in a vague way that considerably more misery and squalor is forced upon his attention in his diurnal trips to or from his office or store than he saw ten years ago. If he be a thoughtful and tender-hearted man this increase of wretchedness may cause him momentary discomfort which he assuages by contributing to the fund for the purpose of printing tracts in Chinese and supporting the missionaries in Persia. The idea that all the missionary funds are needed in his own town never enters his head. Yet right here in New York upwards of seven thousand Chinamen support two temples

to Joss. The mysterious rites of that bastard worship of Buddha which is the religion of the Malayan archipelago are practiced with sacrifices of live fowls and rabbits. There is a large and constantly increasing Mohammedan settlement on Greenwich Avenue; and in the Mulberry and Baxter Bends there is a vast population to which religion of any kind has absolutely no meaning. When there is so broad a field for philanthropic work at our own doorsteps, it is almost incredible that we, as a nation, should prefer to bestow our charity at arm's length.

But it is no part of my purpose in this article either to preach a sermon on home charity or to propound a plan for the restriction of immigration. My aim is merely to state the facts as I have seen them, to tell something of how some adopted Americans live, and then allow my readers to draw their own inferences.

By all odds the most vicious, ignorant and degraded of all the immigrants who come to our shores are the Italian inhabitants of Mulberry Bend and the surrounding region of tenements. Within a stone's throw of the City Hall, and the offices of the great newspapers, midway between two of the busiest thoroughfares of this busiest city of the New World, is an eddy in the life of the city where the scum collects, where the very offscourings of all humanity seem to find a lodgment. In the great "dumb-bell" tenements, in the rickety old frame buildings, in the damp, unwholesome cellars, on the sidewalks and in the gutters reeking with filth and garbage, is a seething mass of humanity, so ignorant, so vicious, so depraved that they hardly seem to belong to our species. Men and women; yet living, not like animals, but like vermin! Every door and alley way is a sewer from which pour invisible rivers of foul gases, pestilential odors and germs of disease. Villainous looking men lounge about the doorways, and scan every strange face with that suspicion which is born of a sense of evil-doing; black-eyed, full-breasted women, some of them scarcely



MULBERRY BEND.

past the age of girlhood, and others as wrinkled, ugly and repulsive looking as the witches of our story-books, sit upon the curbstones, unconcernedly nursing their babes and earning a scanty livelihood by retailing stale bread at two and three cents a loaf. Jew peddlers, vicious and vociferous, sell spoiled fish, tainted meats and decaying vegetables from rickety wagons drawn by skeleton horses. Drunkards, thieves, lost women

of every nationality. Hulking youths lounge around the entrances to the liquor shops, the last successors of that all-powerful "gang" which took its name from its warning cry of "Wy-ho;" and here and there is a blue-coated policeman with club in hand and revolver ready, alert for the stiletto or slung-shot which is bound to come to him sooner or later if he remains on the post and does his duty.



LODGINGS OF TRAVELING MUSICIANS.

The Bend is not a pleasant neighborhood by day, in the dim sunlight which straggles down between the tall tenements and renders visible the sidewalks reeking with filth, the gutters choked with decaying garbage and animal matter, and the wretches who are compelled to live here and who make the place what it is.

But it must be seen on a summer's night and under the guidance, not of a policeman or detective, but of one who knows the place thoroughly and who has the confidence of the more powerful scoundrels who, to all intents and purposes, govern the district, in order to gain an adequate idea of the depth of degradation in which it is possible for human beings to exist. On a hot night the entire population seems to be on the street, drunken, noisy and profane. Here and there is a huckster's cart illuminated by a flaring oil-lamp. The rum shops are all ablaze, and half-dressed men and women are staggering through the open doorways bearing pails of stale beer, which is retailed at the rate of two cents a glass, or that more deadly and fiery compound which passes current in this region for

whiskey, and costs a dollar and forty cents a barrel to manufacture. From the open doorways of the cellar dives come the sounds of discordant dance-music and the shuffle of waltzing feet. Shrieks of agony, drunken imprecations, shouts of murder, the clanking of goblets and tumblers, and the crashing of broken glass or the noise of some fierce fight, form the babel of sounds which assails your ears. A brawly Italian staggers out of an alleyway, bleeding from half a dozen knife-wounds, and disappears in the darkness. Is he going to seek the aid and protection

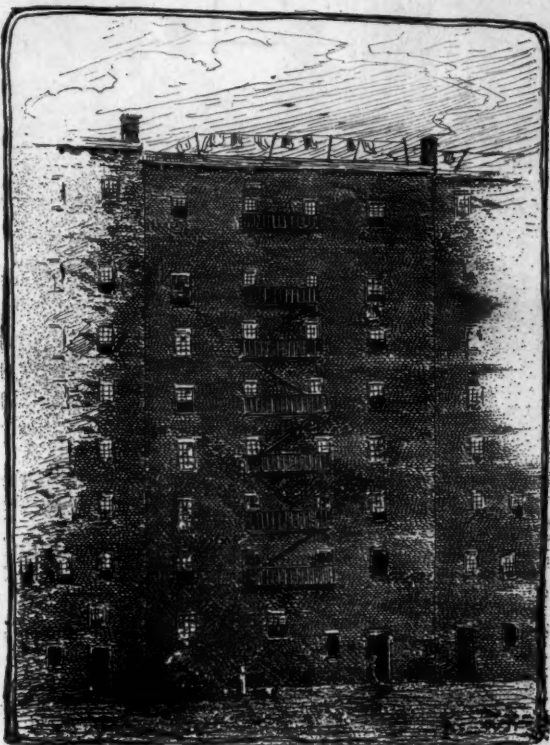
of the police? Not at all. Of the law, as represented by the blue coat and brass buttons, he has as great a fear as his assailant, who is calmly wiping his bloody knife in one of the rear tenements. He will nurse his wounds until he recovers, and then—there will be three lines in the morning papers about a "Fatal Stabbing Affray in Mulberry Bend."

But, enough of the exterior. The trouble has been that most of the people who have attempted to solve the tenement-house problem have contented themselves with studying the question from the sidewalk; and the street is clean and orderly in comparison to the interior of one of these tenements. Enter one of the narrow hall-ways and climb the stairs. It makes no difference which house you select; there are but slight variations in the degrees of filth and wretchedness. The walls and balusters are damp and slimy to the touch. The air has that indescribable heavy, fetid odor which comes to an atmosphere that has been breathed and breathed again until every particle of oxygen is exhausted. Pass your hand along the wall, and it will be covered with vermin. Be as careful as you may,

an entire change of clothing and a Turkish bath will be necessary before you can venture into your own home. The doors of the rooms are open, and any one will serve as a sample of the rest. From twenty to thirty human beings will occupy a single room not over eighteen feet square, lying on benches and on the bare floor, and when in a stupid state of inebriety literally piled upon one another like cordwood. This tenement-house system is peculiar. Frequently one man leases the whole house. Joseph Franchi, who is the Vanderbilt of Little Italy, controls three, and has, perhaps, \$40,000 in the bank. These tenements are sublet by the single room to families, or "padrones" who rent floor and bench room at so much a night. A father, mother, and three or four children will occupy a room twelve feet square, with a single window, and take four or five boarders, but such luxury as this stamps the head of the family as an aristocrat among these adopted fellow-citizens of ours. Here are the organ-grinder with his monkey coiled up on top of his organ, the rag-picker with his bag and hook, the worker on the garbage scows still reeking with the filth he has been handling all day, drunken women sprawled over the benches and on the floor, and, among them, children of all ages, news-boys and boot-blacks, little violinists and flower-girls, many of them as drunk as their elders.

Growing up amid dirt, vice and ignorance, where virtue is unknown and modesty impossible, these are to be our fellow-citizens of to-morrow. But vice, as it exists among them, can hardly be looked upon from our standpoint. While the marriage relation exists, it is disregarded, and it is no uncommon thing to find one man living in comparative harmony with two or three women, or vice-versa. Polygamy and polyandry flourish in New York

tenements as they do nowhere else in the world, while young girls are openly sold, by their parents, into a slavery which is worse than death, for a five-dollar bill; and yet we, as a nation, throw open wide our doors to these people who come to us laden with all the vice, the ignorance, the bestiality of the lowest classes of Europe. We remove the restrictions imposed by a monarchical government, and make no effort to instruct them how to enjoy the freedom which we offer them. Yet we send millions of dollars annually to benefit the heathen



A DUMB-BELL TENEMENT.

in Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Pacific.

All along the river front, on the wharves, any summer evening can be seen tired-looking mothers, with their broods of dirty, puny children, trying in vain to get a breath of fresh air. Whole families of Italians, from the noisome alleys and courts of Mulberry and Baxter

Bend, lolling about on the bales and boxes, babies playing perilously near the string-pieces, drunken men and women trying to forget the heat by deadening their senses with stale beer. Gaunt, dirty, hungry, miserable, many of these

the same as in Little Italy. The street are as dirty; the tenements are as crowded and unwholesome, and in some respects the tendencies of the population are more dangerous. Our Italian fellow-citizens are contented with being allowed to stab

each other when the fancy seizes them. But the Poles, Russians and lowest class of Germans come to us imbued with Anarchistic notions — notions which are fed by the misery and disappointment of their life in this country where they had looked for affluence without work, and fostered by the freedom of speech which is permitted by laws which were framed to govern a people of entirely different character to those who have been pouring in upon us from the slums of Europe. There is, perhaps, more education, but there is also more



BOHEMIAN CIGAR-MAKERS.

wretched creatures sleep here on the docks rather than go back to the squalid cellars and stifling rooms which they call homes. A slight breeze ripples the dark river, bearing no freshness on its wings, but stirring the poisonous vapors which rise from the sewers which discharge under the docks and disturbing the water, thick with the refuse of chemical works, oil refineries, and all the various foulness of a great city. Horrible! Yes; but it is the only watering-place of the dwellers in the tenements.

Though the Italian settlement in the Bend is perhaps the worst, it is hard to place it below—in point of filth, degradation and immorality—the great tenement-house district east of the Bowery, inhabited by Polish and Russian Jews and that nondescript medley of Slavonic and Teutonic races who know no religion and can hardly be said to claim any fatherland. Here the conditions are much

discontent and vice. Liberty, with these people, means license; and virtue or morality in any form is regarded as a concession to laws which are hateful because they are formulated by the governing class. The Italian *might* be a good citizen if he knew how; absolute, almost inconceivable ignorance is largely responsible for his condition. This motley crowd never would, under any circumstances, be other than a constant threat against all law and order. They know how, but they *won't*. Anarchy is no idle dream of alarmists, as the Chicago riots proved; and it is safe to assert that the secret societies are numerically stronger and better organized here in New York than they were in the West. As the laws against them are more rigidly enforced in Europe, steamer-loads of recruits land in Castle Garden every week; and we, as a nation with an overweening confidence in our strength, allow

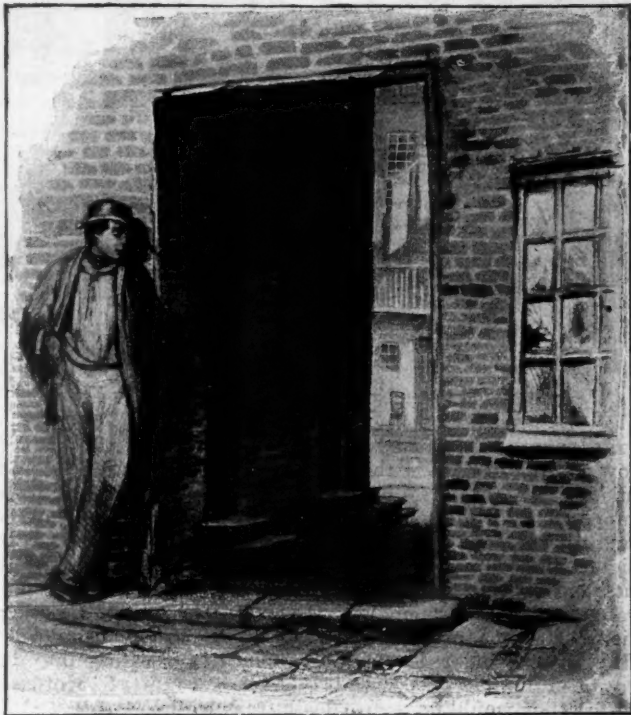
them to come, hold their meetings, manufacture their dynamite, and publish their incendiary papers. We treat them as willful children who are to be occasionally checked, but who are allowed to have pretty much their own way after all. But dynamite is a dangerous plaything to allow in the hands of a vicious child. Yet, what are we to do with them? Opposition only makes them more secret in their operations, and further inflames them against law and order; and the new arrivals add to their strength and courage.

Looking at the question from a broad sociological standpoint, and putting any sentiments of humanity aside, it is almost a matter of congratulation that the death rate among the inhabitants of these tenements is something over fifty-seven per cent., and the mortality among children under five years of age is, in some localities, as high as seventy per cent.

The unsanitary conditions of these tenements have been pretty thoroughly written up, and efforts have been made by one or two philanthropic owners to build better houses and improve the condition of the inmates. However, these isolated instances are but a drop in the bucket, and if, perchance, one family moves out of a "dumb-bell" into one of the model tenements, their place is taken by a dozen new arrivals from Castle Garden. As a matter of fact, I have found that the model tenements are largely occupied by a better class, whether improved by their surroundings or, as I suspect, because they are naturally a step higher in the

social scale than the inhabitants of the Bend and the dumb-bells of the East Side, I am not prepared to say.

There is one feature of these Ridge, Eldridge and Allen street dumb-bells which renders them more dangerous to the community at large than the more open wretchedness of Little Italy. They are largely inhabited by the Bohemian cigar-makers and Polish and Russian Jew tailors. Cigars are made here with infection under the coarse Pennsylvania wrappers, and the seeds of disease are stitched into the garments. The filler of the cigars is largely composed of butts gathered from the gutters and barroom spittoons, washed and carefully unrolled



MURDERER'S ALLEY.

to reinforce the cheap tobacco which is supposed to form the basis.

These tenements lack the picturesque squalor of the ramshackle concerns in the Bend, where narrow alleys and rear rookeries tend to lend variety to the wretchedness. They are great prison-

like structures of brick, with narrow doors and windows, cramped passages and steep rickety stairs. They are built through from one street to the other, with a somewhat narrower building connecting them; for this reason, they are

air penetrates the narrow streets of the city, these fire-escape balconies are used as sleeping-rooms by the poor wretches who are fortunate enough to have windows opening upon them. The drainage is horrible, and even the Croton as it flows



A BREATHING-SPOT.

called dumb-bell tenements. The narrow court-yard that is thus left in the middle is a damp, foul-smelling place, supposed to do duty as an air-shaft: I say supposed, for had the foul fiend designed these great barracks they could not have been more villainously arranged to avoid any chance of ventilation. Here, as in the Bend, many families live in inner rooms into which a ray of sunlight never penetrates. In case of fire they would be perfect death-traps, for it would be impossible for the occupants of the crowded rooms to escape by the narrow stairways, and the flimsy fire-escapes which the owners of the tenements were compelled to put up a few years ago are so laden with broken furniture, bales and boxes that they would be worse than useless. In the hot summer months, when hardly a breath of

from the tap in the noisome courtyard, seems to be contaminated by its surroundings and have a fetid smell.

These are but two typical tenement-house districts. In Cherry and Water streets, up-town on the West side, and scattered here and there throughout the city, there are other blocks which are almost if not quite as bad. Cancers which are eating into the very heart of the country! Hot-beds of immorality and crime!

Could any scheme be devised to put a stop to the wholesale immigration of these creatures it might be possible to improve the rising generation. The elders are, in my opinion, absolutely irredeemable. But, instead of making any efforts towards improvement, we are allowing Europe to add fuel to the flame which must some day burst forth to the damage

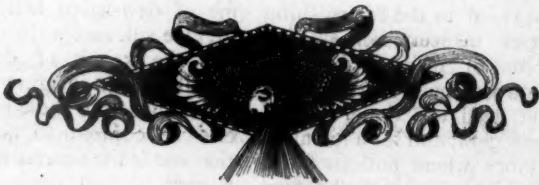
of all concerned. Go to Castle Garden any day when an emigrant steamer arrives, and see the motley crowd who are herded together like animals in that historic and dirty building. Irish, Italians, Russians, Polish Jews, Germans, French and Scandinavians—shaggy men with wild eyes and unkempt hair, the very beau-ideals of the Nihilists of the comic papers; dirty, squalling children; old men and women, tottering and decrepid, with all the repulsiveness of ignorant senility—lying around on bundles and boxes, squatted on the floor, yelling and gesticulating in vigorous efforts to be understood by the officials, jabbering, quarrelling, swearing among themselves, or gazing about in stupid indifference according to their natures! I do not mean to say that all the immigrants are lazy, vicious and ignorant. There are sturdy, honest Irish faces, stolid, determined Scandinavians, bright young English, Scotch and German men and women who will make good citizens; but it is safe to say that fully one-half of those who landed at Castle Garden last year, and for years previously, have been a positive detriment to the country. We have ignorance and dirt and misery enough of our own without importing any, and Castle Garden is a bad place to start from.

It is not a cheerful spectacle to see the scum and offscourings of Europe thus poured upon our shores; and taking this in connection with a knowledge of how they live after they get here, it becomes an important problem what the country will come to if this sort of thing is kept up; for it is a lamentable fact that these, our adopted Americans, do not im-

prove. They have all our vices, and bring many with them which would make the native American rough, of the worst type, shudder. With them, a land of liberty means a land of license. Their idea of freedom is an abolition of all government. They have heard of America as a land where gold is to be picked up in the streets. They have heard of the high prices paid for labor, but nothing of the high cost of living; and they are disappointed, soured.

I have attempted to give a suggestion of how some of our adopted fellow-citizens live; but no words nor pictures can convey an adequate idea of the wretchedness, the misery, the squalor, the vice and the ignorance which exist in these tenements. Here in the largest city in the New World, where charitable institutions abound and where societies for the relief of everything under the sun are rich and prosperous, these miserable creatures live and die with no one to lift a finger to help them to better their condition. They are becoming more numerous every day. The children are growing up with the vice and ignorance of their parents, and, in addition, they have all the discontent with their condition, all the rebelliousness against those who are more fortunately situated, which our New World atmosphere seems to engender.

What can be done for them? How can this tide of immigration be checked? are questions which it is the duty of our philanthropists and law-makers to discuss and decide. Certain it is that something must be done, and that vigorously and quickly, or we shall be obliged to consider the graver question: What are they going to do with us?



AUNT DOROTHY.

BY HENRIETTA LAZARUS



WHEN my chum, Thomas Levering, wrote me that he was soon to become a benedict (he was too wily to tell me orally, for I certainly would have used arguments, bribes, and threats to keep him from it), I heaved a sigh that was almost a groan for our ancient friendship whose knell had sounded. For what wife, unless she were more than mortal, would not frown upon her husband's ante-nuptial associates, particularly upon such an incorrigible bachelor as I?

Tom, despite the misogynistic airs he assumed, I had always suspected of a hankering for the married state; and, had I not guarded him so strictly, he would years ago have attempted the rôle of husband which he is now so admirably enacting.

When he announced his intention of spending the summer on his cousin's Montana ranche, I applauded the plan, for there, thought I, he'll surely encounter no matrimonially-inclined females, or any other kind. But, alas, for the vanity of human hopes! as some other philosopher before me said, it was on that very ranche that he met the angel ("angel" was the mildest and most frequent epithet he bestowed upon his betrothed, not deigning to tell me whether she was a youthful damsel, antiquated spinster, or, widow of uncertain age) who a few weeks later became Mrs. Levering.

I am convinced that had not Tom wanted me to attend to the refurnishing of his ancestral mansion on Garden street, the scene of many a bachelor symposium, he'd not have written me a word until the deed was done. But I ignored this suspicion, and for a fortnight haunted the shops where antique furniture, richly-tinted rugs, and all the gimcracks that women rave over are sold, but I did it with as much cheerfulness as I would have displayed while selecting

Tom's or my own coffin. Mrs. Tom pronounced the result "just lovely."

No Spartan could have assumed a braver exterior than I the evening I started forth to pay my "respects" to the newly-wedded pair. As I neared the house to which I'd henceforth be admitted on sufferance, I endeavored to sustain my wavering courage by facetiously reproaching myself for not bringing with me a pocket-stove to thaw the iciness of Mrs. L.'s greeting, and a camera to carry away something besides a mental impression of Tom's awkwardness while standing "twixt love and duty."

Tom met me at the door, his face beaming like a full moon, and gave my hand a grip that would have caused Samson himself to wince. While assisting me to doff my overcoat and hat he assured me how pleased he was to see me, and that he was the happiest man on this or any other planet.

As soon as we entered the parlor, I recognized what good grounds he had for making the latter assertion. A tiny figure fluttered toward us, grasped both my hands, while a cordial voice murmured: "So this is the Hal—Mr. Dorsey, I mean—of whom Tom is always talking. I am delighted that I, too, am to know you; and, perhaps, in time you'll consider me as much your friend as you do Tom."

All of which so bewildered me that for several minutes I saw nothing but a mass of red-gold hair, eyes that reminded me of dew-laden heliotrope, and a lot of blue silk and white lace. As I never had the knack of describing people, you'll have to imagine what Mrs. Levering is like from these meagre outlines, or else be content to accept my verdict, that she is the dearest little woman in the world.

Ere the end of ten minutes I found myself telling her of the dismal view I had taken of Tom's marriage, and of the

treatment I was to receive from her; whereat she laughed heartily, and her husband and I did the same. I think he'd have grinned had I confided to him my intention to suicide, so bubbling over with happiness was he.

When I bade him good-night I told him, in the meantime returning the crunching handshake he had given me several hours before, that he was a lucky dog, and quite justified in quitting the ranks of bachelorhood. And yet, when I entered my rooms, which now appeared empty and cheerless, I muttered that I'd never forsake those ranks, for a treasure like Tom had won does not fall to every man's lot.

After that, every evening that I did not join them at the theatre or in calling upon mutual friends, was spent at their home, until I suspected that I was becoming an infernal nuisance, and told them so. They assured me—well, I'm too modest to repeat what they said; besides, it was not true, but I only too gladly believed them.

Thus matters continued for a month, when the first discordant note in the harmony of our intercourse, Aunt Dorothy, was sounded. We were enjoying some excellent Cuban cigars. I say we, for although Edith (I forgot to mention that is her name, and that she had asked me to call her by it) never even in jest put a cigar between her rosy lips, yet she liked its smoke and fragrance as sincerely as she does her husband's old friends. Tom was lazily puffing a wreath of smoke around his wife's head, when he suddenly exclaimed, with a mock shudder:

"What would Aunt Dorothy say if she could see us now!"

"Oh, let's not think of such a thing," was Edith's reply.

"Me," Tom continued, "she would treat with withering scorn, for I once affected to be a convert to her views. Hal would doubtless have a tirade on the demoralizing powers of the weed hurled at him. I think I'd rather enjoy an encounter between them. You, little wife, I fear she'd disclaim all kinship with for countenancing us in such evil practices."

"Of whom are you speaking?" I languidly inquired.

"Edith's Aunt Dorothy; a marvelous woman—goes in for temperance, woman's rights, and all that sort of thing."

"Is she married?" was my next query.

"No; does my description arouse in you a desire to appropriate her?"

"Heaven forbid!" I cried, with such fervor that both my companions shrieked with laughter, and then exchanged a look whose meaning I did not comprehend until long afterward. "But I notice that women who entertain such notions either never possessed a husband, or have milk-sops filling that position."

"You could so beautifully assist Aunt Dorothy to belong to the latter class," was Tom's answer to this profound observation. Whereat I betook myself home in a great huff, first roaring: "Confound Aunt Dorothy!"

On my next visit I asked Edith what she thought of a necktie that I had bought on my way there.

"I like it ever so much," she said, "although I fear Aunt Dorothy would call my taste very unæsthetic. She approves of sober tints only in neck-gear."

Now, as I exercise great care in the selection of even such a minor article of apparel as a necktie, I was very much nettled, and exclaimed, mentally: "Is this abominable old maid to be quoted to me on all occasions?" Aloud I said: "Suppose we go to the Chinese bazaar that some charity society is holding down the street."

The proposition evoked a volley of exclamations. "How lovely! So kind in you to help the poor with your patronage! I do hope they'll have some of those cute little tea-cups to sell. Don't you dote on tea? I do, although Aunt Dorothy thinks it impairs the nerves and eventually the character."

Aunt Dorothy again! I felt like tearing my hair, until I recollected that nature was making me bald more rapidly than I desired.

Were I to tell you of every time that a reference to Aunt Dorothy caused my

blood to boil, I'd keep you here a week. If I chanced to commend a new play, I was told that Aunt Dorothy thought the stage a corrupter of morals. Did I wax enthusiastic over a recent novel, my ardor was dampened by the information that the much-talked of kinswoman considered modern fiction anything but wholesome.

One day Tom confided to me that he, before he met Edith, had imagined himself in love with the female for whose very name I had conceived such an aversion; and I thought it a very poor attempt to be funny when he added that the delusion might have continued had she shown the least inclination to reciprocate his feelings. It was then that he told me that the subject of our conversation would soon become a member of his household for probably the rest of the winter. And I forthwith resolved to take a journey, to the North Pole if need be, to escape her, for to remain in town and yet avoid her would cost me Tom's and Edith's friendship.

For a week subsequently they talked of naught but Aunt Dorothy's approaching visit (the descent of the wolf on the fold, I termed it), and to my bewilderment seemed delighted thereat. She was to arrive Thursday morning, and Wednesday afternoon I sought the Leverings' cosy home to bid Edith good-bye, for on the morrow I was to start upon my as yet vaguely outlined trip. Tom I had already seen at the office. The maid, while ushering me into the library, said that her mistress was not in; but, as she had been gone a long time, would doubtless return in a few minutes.

I walked to the cheerful wood-fire, designing to take possession of the huge leathern arm-chair that occupied the snugest place on the hearth, and found, but not until I had almost seated myself, that it had an occupant, a most comely young lady; moreover, one whom I had never seen before. I mumbled a confused apology, which was smilingly accepted by the fair unknown, who declared that she deserved to be sat upon for usurping a place that was evidently mine by the proprietary air with

which I approached it. Whereupon I rejoined, with the manner that I'd always found so fetching with the gentle sex, that were I the possessor of an imperial throne I'd gladly relinquish it to so gracious a lady.

Then we both looked into the fire, and covertly at each other. My furtive glances showed me a brown-haired, peachy-cheeked girl, whose tall lithe form was clad in a gown, the kind they call tailor-made, of some soft dark-blue cloth. A jaunty hat of the same color crowned her shining hair, and it, as well as her smart little shoes and well-fitting gloves, seemed to say: "Here is where I like to be." So pleasing was she to the sight that I would be content to sit thus for hours, but she apparently found the silence or my flimsily-disguised scrutiny irksome, for she suddenly said:

"Edith must have found some extraordinary bargains to remain out so long."

At this my heart sank, for her voice betrayed a slight impatience, that would, perhaps, prompt her to depart ere my curiosity as to whom she might be (for of course it could be nothing but curiosity that made my heart act so strangely) was gratified.

"If that is the case, her absence is pardonable, but it would be a great pity were she to secure what would make her the envy of all shoppers at the price of missing your call. I am sure she'd be very disappointed not to find you here on her return."

"Oh, there is no danger of that, as I am to be her guest for some time."

"Indeed," I cried, wonderfully relieved. "I did not know that Mrs. Levering expected a young lady visitor."

"Neither did she—to-day. I have surprised her."

"Ah, I see," I muttered in funereal tones. For what I saw was this sweet, unconventional creature in the clutches of Aunt Dorothy, her blithe spirits crushed by constant fault-finding, her broad mind (I felt intuitively that she possessed such a one) warped, perhaps, by daily friction with a narrow one; and a great wave of compassion surged

in my breast, and forced from my mouth the words: "Poor thing!"

"Is it Edith or I that you are pitying?" asked, rather saucily, the cause of my agitation.

"You," I answered, made bold by my sympathy. "To-morrow, Mrs. Levering is expecting her Aunt Dorothy."

"Aunt Dorothy!" she echoed.

"Yes; have you never heard of her?"

"Of course I have," she responded, with a peculiar smile, which convinced me that she, too, had walked in the valley of the shadow of Aunt Dorothy.

"It is too bad," I continued, that your visit should be spoiled by that disagreeable old thing. Really, I can't imagine how you'll endure her."

"Do you know her?" interrogated the prospective victim.

"Thank goodness! no, save through hearsay; and our acquaintance shall progress no farther, for I'm leaving town to escape her. For the last week, sleeping and waking, I've been haunted by her, and were I the least bit of an artist, I could paint her exactly, with her masculinely-cut hair, needle-like eyes, Bloomer dress, and generally aggressive air."

"That description is not so terrifying."

"But she is strong-minded." This statement I delivered with the manner of one who has said something unanswerable.

"Then you prefer weak-minded women?"

"Far from it; but she is an advocate of woman's rights."

"So is every just man. Woman's mental and manual labor is entitled to the same compensation that is given her male competitors."

"That is exactly what I think," I hastened to assure her; although to you I'll confess that I had never given the matter a moment's thought. "But she wants to vote, I believe."

"Well, if she had that privilege, she'd doubtless use it more intelligently than some men."

This remark so crushed me, that for nearly five minutes I remained silent.

Then I attempted to justify the dislike which my companion evidently deemed unreasonable by saying, with what was intended for righteous indignation, but sadly marred by the conciliating voice in which it was uttered: "She is bitterly opposed to smoking."

"I don't wonder. It is a pernicious habit," was the retort which made me resolve to thenceforth abjure the habit, and pray that the aroma of the cigar I threw away at the door had departed from my clothes.

Recognizing the fact that if we continued to discuss Aunt Dorothy, her self-constituted champion would convince me that the domineering spinster was a paragon, I endeavored to maintain myself-respect by choosing another subject, namely, a popular magazine, a copy of which was lying on the table. Regarding even this we held diverse opinions; and yet I, who am accused of being dogmatic, found myself affirming sentiments expressed by her that a moment before I had derided. I dared not contradict anything she said for fear she might end the tête-à-tête I found so charming.

From literature our talk glided to art, thence to politics, and we were chatting like friends of long standing when twilight came, but not Edith. Only an engagement to dine with a grumpy old uncle, who threatens me with disinheritorship if I but sneeze in his presence, kept me from staying longer; still, after I had entrusted to her my adieu for Mrs. Tom, I lingered, hoping she would say one word that hinted a desire to meet me again. But she only bade me a formal good-evening, and I went away loathing Aunt Dorothy more than ever.

That night, ere sleep visited my eyes, before which continually flitted a winsome face framed in soft brown hair and lighted by two melting gray eyes, I had resolved to postpone my journey at least until I learned how the owner of that face fared at the hands of Aunt Dorothy. To obtain that knowledge, I betook myself, the next evening, after spending an extra half-hour at my toilet, to the Levering mansion, and on entering the

parlor was hailed by Tom with: "Hello, I see you changed your mind about forsaking us!" while his spouse offered profuse apologies for yesterday's absence, none of which I heard, for I was looking beyond her at a white-robed figure (the same that, clad in dark blue, had haunted my dreams the night before) that was bending over a book of engravings. The little woman was quick to observe this, and led me where my glances had already gone, saying:

"I believe you two made each other's acquaintance in an informal way yesterday: now you can do it in the conventional style. This is Miss Philips, the Aunt Dorothy of whom we have so often spoken. She knows that you are Tom's chum, Mr. Dorsey, so I don't see what else remains for me to say."

"Aunt Dorothy!" I gasped. "Surely this is a joke."

"Joke nothing," returned Tom. "Haven't you ever heard of people who had aunts—and uncles, too—who were a year or two younger than themselves?"

Small does not describe how I felt. I dared not look at Miss Philips, for all the nasty things I'd said to her about herself were hissing in my ears. I heard Tom chuckle, and even Edith tittered, over my undisguised consternation, and an angry mist came before my eyes. When it passed away, Tom and Edith were gone, and standing by my side, smiling kindly, her hand extended to grasp mine, I saw Aunt Dorothy.

"It is too bad that Tom and Edith should have so exaggerated my foibles. They have told me how they attributed to me the most absurd opinions, and I only marvel that you did not have a worse conception of me. And it was very wicked in me to draw you out as I did."

Now, tell me, could any ordinary fellow withstand a speech like that—uttered in sweet, pleading tones? My embarrassment vanished, for I was sure she bore me no ill-will for what I had said in my bigoted ignorance. That I

fell in love with her, you no doubt suspected from the moment I described our first meeting. Nor was I the only one. Tom's house became the goal of almost every marriageable man in town, and I considered myself a lucky fellow (and so did the disappointed beaux) when to me, as the family friend, fell the frequent privilege of escorting the once detested Aunt Dorothy to the theatre or other entertainments.

A month ago one of her admirers thrust a woe-begone face into my office, and in a voice equally mournful, told me that she was betrothed to—well, I'll not mention the name of the man whom I that moment deemed the most enviable of mortals. I contrived to say that was just what one should expect of a young lady with such a host of suitors; and when he would have lingered—either to elicit or bestow sympathy—I tartly informed him that I had important letters to write.

But, when he was gone, the ink dried on my pen, and the spring breeze, which stole through the open windows, frolicked with the paper unheeded by me. I know not whether it was minutes or hours that I remained in that stupor, but I finally was aroused—nay, electrified—by a thought that my guardian angel must have suggested. I'd hear from her own lips a confirmation of the despair-dealing news. Clapping on my hat, without tarrying before the mirror, as was my habit of late, I rushed from the room, colliding on the stairs with one of my best-paying clients. He has since transferred his business to Thompson and Voorhees; for, of course, I have never explained to him why I could not stop long enough to apologize for temporarily depriving him of breath.

How the maid stared when I asked to see Miss Philips, for frequent as were my calls there, I had never before chosen the morning as a time to pay one.

An hour later, I left the house almost as agitated as when I entered. Aunt Dorothy was betrothed—and to me.

A BRIDE OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

BY C. L. PIRKIS.

AUTHOR OF "LADY LOVELACE," "A RED SISTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.



EARIED and dispirited, Lord Culvers leaned his head upon his hand.

"It's altogether too much, Clive," he said. "I'm not a young man. I feel all to pieces. Life is a little too hard for me just now."

They had returned from their interview with the Prefect of Police, and now sat in Clive's sitting-room at his hotel, trying to "face the worst and act for the best."

That interview had been a long and painful one, and the two men had come away from it fully convinced that they had acted the part of imbeciles, in allowing a fortnight of precious time to slip away without making an effort to track the missing girl.

As a matter of course, in order to give full emphasis to the mystery of the recovered brooch, it had been necessary to relate to the Prefect the story of Ida's marriage and subsequent disappearance; also, the full history of her engagement, together with the footing on which she had appeared to stand toward Captain Culvers, as stated by Juliet.

An interpreter, fortunately, had not been required; for, although the Prefect had preferred to speak in his own tongue, he had a perfect knowledge of colloquial English.

Lord Culvers's narrative, in all its minute detail, had been taken down in writing by an official, who, as a matter of course, was present.

On the disappearance of the young lady, the Prefect had declined to express an opinion, stating that he could not possibly form one until he had given most careful thought to the case in all its bearings.

He had, however, said that, in so serious a matter, they could not afford to neglect any detail, however slight, and

therefore he proposed at once instituting a search for the little organ-boy, of whom mention had been made. He had also proposed sending one of his officers to wait at the Italian restaurant that evening, in the hope that the promise of a supper would be inducement enough to take the little fellow there.

Here Clive had supplied a full and minute description of the boy.

Then they had come to the finding of the brooch in the offertory-bag, and the damaged piece of jewelry was handed to the Prefect for his inspection.

Upon this, his questions had set in one direction, and centred entirely upon Sefton Culvers, his past and his present career.

Lord Culvers, a little astonished, had done his best to answer these questions.

Of his nephew's career during the past six or seven years, he could give but little information. Captain Culvers had had a good deal of foreign service, had returned home with his health impaired about eighteen months back, and had thought it best to send in his papers to the Horse Guards. This was about the sum total of all Lord Culvers had to tell.

The Prefect had laid stress upon Captain Culvers's resignation of his commission, and had asked if no other reason than enfeebled health could be assigned for it.

Lord Culvers had replied that, if any other reason existed, he did not know of it. He had surmised, and knew now for certain, that his nephew was heavily in debt; but, so far as he was aware, there had never been a whisper against his private character.

Then had succeeded a number of questions as to Captain Culvers's doings in Paris at the present moment, and the attitude he had assumed since the disappearance of his wife. Upon this, there

had followed the description of Sefton's present surroundings and most likely associates, together with the account of Lord Culvers's interview with him that morning, the young man's extraordinary manner, the excitement he had shown over a chance advertisement, and finally his peremptory wish that the attention of the police should not be drawn to the recovery of the brooch.

Here the Prefect had asked for and had taken down in writing the advertisement referred to.

Then Clive had leaned forward and had asked one or two eager questions. Did the damaged condition of the brooch of necessity point to robbery, and its broken pin to violence? Was it presumable that such robbery and violence had taken place in Paris?

The Prefect had answered in cautious fashion, that, although in so serious a matter they could not afford to disregard any circumstance, however slight, they must yet be on their guard to prevent the main facts of the case from becoming entangled with side issues, which should be classified and treated as things apart. To his way of thinking, the disappearance of the lady was one thing, the finding of the brooch another. He was not prepared to say that Captain Culvers's wife had not fallen into bad hands, and been—well—robbed, if nothing worse, and that such robbery with violence had not taken place in Paris. All he said was, that neither the condition of the brooch nor its recovery in Paris went to prove the one thing or the other. If that brooch had been in the possession of professional thieves, they would have known perfectly well how to dispose of every one of the stones, which would have been removed with the finest of jeweler's-tools, and the skeleton of the brooch would have been then dropped into a smelting-pot, not into an offer-tory-bag. Here, however, was a brooch that had been tampered with by an amateur, who had evidently, before he was half-way through his task, become scared, and had got rid of it in the readiest way that offered. The broken pin, to his mind, did not of necessity

point to a struggle or violence of any sort; it quite as much pointed to an accident. A broken brooch-pin and a lost brooch were matters of everyday occurrence.

In conclusion, the Prefect had asked for permission to put himself at once in communication with the English police, in order that the highest professional skill in both countries might be brought to bear on the affair, which, to his way of thinking, was beginning to assume a most serious aspect.

It was no wonder that Lord Culvers and Clive should have come away from such an interview with their hopes at their lowest, their fears at their highest; nor that the former should lean his head upon his hand, declaring that life was a little too much for him just then, and that Clive should have never a word to say by way of comfort.

But, if there was little to say by way of consolation, there was plenty to discuss in the arrangements of the details of the course of action which the Prefect had recommended for their adoption.

With these details, Clive strove to arouse Lord Culvers from his lethargy and depression, wishing heartily, however, meanwhile, that a younger and more energetic coadjutor could have been assigned to him.

"It will be best," he said, "for you to return to England—to London, of course; while I will remain in Paris. There should be someone in either place who can give authority or bear responsibility at a moment's notice."

Lord Culvers gave a heavy sigh.

"That should be Sefton's duty; he ought to be in the front now, doing his part and helping us to do ours," he said, querulously.

Clive could hardly trust his tongue to speak Sefton's name.

"That man must simply be ignored; he drops out of the affair. We can do without him," he said, curtly.

"Supposing," said Lord Culvers, with a little attempt at a smile, "that Ida should write in a day or two, and tell us where she is staying; we shall all feel such fools, for the fuss we have made."

"I wish to heaven we could be made to feel fools in that fashion," answered Clive, vehemently, and trying his hardest to repress the feeling of irritation that was beginning to grow up in his mind against the man who could entertain such a thought at such a time.

Yet it must be confessed that fate was dealing a little harshly with Lord Culvers at the moment.

Fancy setting an egg on end, and bidding it run about and crow like a chicken. When the poor egg rolled over and fell helplessly to the ground, one would feel bound to admit that a little too much had been required of it.

All Lord Culvers had ever asked of Providence was a quiet life in which to enjoy the good things bestowed upon him, and a quiet life was just the one thing that Providence persisted in denying to him.

But, whether able to comply with them or not, demands upon Lord Culvers's energies were from this point to follow thick and fast.

He did his best to acquiesce heartily in Clive's practical suggestions, and expressed his willingness to return to England on the following day. To return sooner, he feared, would be an impossibility; he felt that a night's rest on a feather bed, before undertaking a second journey, was an absolute necessity to him.

Then, with another feeble little attempt at a smile, he wondered if a cutlet and a glass of claret would put a little strength into him.

Clive, with a tinge of remorse, recollecting that the old gentleman had had nothing in the way of food since his arrival in the morning, at once ordered the much-needed refreshment.

He himself, however, at the moment, felt eating to be an impossibility. The heat was intense; a thunder-storm seemed threatening; he felt stifled within four walls. There was yet an hour to be got through before he kept his appointment at the Italian café with the little organ-boy. He thought he would take a turn in the Champs Elysées, and see if the fresh air would

clear his brain and put some fresh ideas into it.

Ideas, however, are among the many things for which the demand does not create the supply. Clive wandered along the sultry dusty road in the direction of the Bois de Boulogne, his brain meantime, instead of grinding out fresh ideas, working incessantly at the old treadmill of anxieties, perplexities, and distresses which for him, from the very first, had gathered round Ida's disappearance.

Half-past five sounded from a clock-tower, and he turned his steps toward the street of many restaurants, hoping to find his little black-eyed friend awaiting him there.

He found the usual number of people assembled round the marble tables in the café, eating their ices or drinking their chocolate; but never a sign of the little organ-grinder.

He questioned the waiter who had attended to him on the previous day as to whether he had seen anything of the child, and received a negative in reply.

Then he was himself addressed by a thin wiry little man, whom he had noted as he had entered the café, seated in a corner, to all appearance absorbed in the perusal of his "Figaro."

Clive guessed in a moment that this individual was the detective whom the Prefect of Police had promised should be in attendance at the café.

They had a little talk together.

The detective expressed his conviction that they were both on a lost errand. He was convinced that the boy would not make his appearance; although, when pressed by Clive to do so, he declined to give the reasons for his conviction. He stated further that his orders were to remain in or outside the place until it closed at midnight. There was therefore no necessity for "m'sieu" to remain unless he felt so disposed.

Clive, however, did feel so disposed, and he lingered about the restaurant until daylight waned and gas-lamps were lighted.

Then he thought it best to return to

his hotel, in case the evening mail might have brought news of any kind, or information that called for immediate action.

On the steps of his hotel, he was met by a chance acquaintance, who detained him a few minutes in conversation. This chance acquaintance was a member of the Alpine Club, en-route for the Swiss mountains, and was eager to detail to Clive a new line of road that he had mapped out for himself. Clive had but scanty attention to give him, and shook him off as soon as possible. During the few minutes that they stood talking together, Clive had his attention arrested by a sister of the Salvation Army, who came out of the hotel and passed down the steps, close to his elbow.

He caught a glimpse of her face under its black poke-bonnet, as she went by. She was a woman of about twenty-five years of age, English not a doubt, with a pale careworn face that was nevertheless rendered attractive by its remarkable sweetness of expression.

He gave a passing wonder to the thought, what could have brought her, without her colleagues, into so uncongenial a neighborhood, and then went on to the room where he had left Lord Culvers.

He found it in utter darkness, save for a single candle which burned upon a side table that they had given up to their writing materials, and a patch of gas-light which an outside lamp made upon the wall.

It seemed strange. The unlighted lamps could be easily accounted for by the fact that Lord Culvers, fast asleep, reclined in a comfortable easy-chair, with his feet resting on another chair.

But the one candle on the writing-table! It seemed to suggest that someone had entered while Lord Culvers had slept, and made use of the pen and ink.

Clive crossed the room to the small table, and there found his suspicions confirmed. A pen was in the ink-stand, a sheet of note-paper was laid obtrusively athwart the blotting-pad. And on this sheet of note-paper was written in ink not yet dry:

"A poor penitent, lying at the point of death at No. 11 Rue Corot, has a story to tell that may interest Lord Culvers."

CHAPTER XV.

CLIVE stood staring blankly at the mysterious words.

"A poor penitent!" "A story to tell!" What in heaven's name did it mean?

Who could have entered the room while Lord Culvers slept, and have left a message whose full import it seemed impossible to gauge?

For that the story which might "interest Lord Culvers" had reference to their one pressing cause of anxiety, he did not for a moment doubt.

All his wonderings, however, had to be swept on one side unanswered, to make way for the more practical question: what was to be done for the best?

And to this question there seemed but one answer: "Go yourself without a moment's delay to No. 11 Rue Corot."

He threw one glance at Lord Culvers as he slept. His face, fitfully lighted by the one candle and the patch of light thrown by the outside gas-lamp, showed painfully worn and aged. It did not need a second glance to convince Clive that to awaken him and explain matters to him would mean not only delay in setting forth, but impediment to progress afterward if, in his present nerveless, spiritless condition, he should insist on accompanying him.

"And how thankful he will be, to be spared as much exertion as possible!" thought the young man, as, having folded and put away the sheet of note-paper, he softly closed the door behind him and made his way down the stairs.

He did not stop to interrogate the waiters as to who had entered his sitting-room during his absence.

"Where would be the use?" he said to himself, as he called a voiture and desired the man to drive him to the Rue Corot; "the message was the thing, the messenger mattered but little."

Oddly enough, with the thought of the messenger, there came into his mind a recollection of the sweet careworn face of which he had caught a passing glimpse under a Salvationist poke-bonnet.

With his curiosity intensified to burning-point by his anxieties, the wings of the wind would have seemed a tardy means of conveyance to his destination; so it was scarcely surprising that the jolting voiture, with its sorry horse, taxed his patience to its utmost limits.

The Rue Corot lies in the unfashionable quarter of the Porte Saint Martin, in close vicinity to the Théâtre Beaumarchais. It is a narrow and somewhat noisy thoroughfare of tall seven-storied houses that are let and sublet to all sorts and conditions of men.

Clive dismissed his voiture at the corner of the street, and found No. 11 for himself. The door was open, no porter was in attendance, and the entrance seemed all in darkness.

It was not until he had his foot absolutely on the first of the narrow flight of stairs, that he realized the awkwardness of his position in coming to a house to inquire for a sick person without knowledge of either the name or the sex of the individual.

Half-way up the stairs, he had to draw back to the wall, to allow a young woman to pass. She appeared to be of the sempstress or shop-attendant class, and was smartly dressed, as if for a café chantant or some other bourgeois place of entertainment.

Clive seized his opportunity, and, lifting his hat, asked the girl if she could tell him if anyone were ill in the house.

"Mais oui, m'sieu," she replied; "c'est la pauvre Marie Schira qui va mourir."

"Marie Schira."

Clive repeated the name to himself once or twice, and then remembered that he had seen it frequently on Parisian play-bills.

Now, what in the name of all that was wonderful could such a person as Marie Schira know or have to tell about such an one as Ida Culvers?

He ventured to address another ques-

tion or two to the girl, and elicited the fact that Marie Schira, while dressing in her tiny dressing-room behind the scenes at the Théâtre Beaumarchais, had set her gauze sleeve on fire with the candles on her table, and, before assistance could be procured, had been so severely burned that her life was despaired of. This had happened three nights ago.

It was an awkward place for a colloquy, this, on a small landing in the middle of a flight of stairs lighted only by a dim oil-lamp on a very high bracket. Yet Clive hazarded one more question.

"On which floor were Mademoiselle Schira's rooms? Was there anyone there who could receive him?"

The young girl eyed him dubiously for a moment, as if wondering over the motive for his questions concerning a person of whom he evidently knew next to nothing.

She, however, answered him politely that Marie Schira's rooms were on the floor above the one on which they stood; that Marie had a sister who had been summoned from England, and who was in attendance on her night and day. This sister was a member of a religious order, and wore a big "chapeau comme ça"—here the girl, with her finger, as nearly as possible described the shape of a coal-scuttle in the air. If she were out, there would be sure to be someone else in attendance on Marie, for she was never left alone.

Then the girl wished him good-evening and passed down the stairs.

The "chapeau comme ça" at once conjured up to Clive's fancy a vision of a Salvation Army poke-bonnet and a sweet careworn face beneath it. He wondered if the bearer of the mysterious message stood revealed.

When he knocked at one of two doors that faced him on the second floor, the "someone else" left in charge of Marie Schira proved to be an elderly woman of most untidy appearance, with a yellow handkerchief tied over her head.

Her French was alarmingly bourgeois, and her sentences ran one into the other with such rapidity as to be almost unintelligible.

Clive could just make out that Marie was suffering agonies; that delirium had set in, and that it was not likely she would live till morning.

Would m'sieu enter and sit down in the salon? Marie's sister, who had gone out early in the afternoon, would no doubt soon return and be able to answer any questions.

As she finished speaking, the woman opened a door adjoining the one at which she stood, and showed Clive into a room dimly lighted by a single candle in a girandole over the mantelpiece.

He conjectured that a door on one side of the fireplace led into the room of the sufferer, for he presently heard the woman's voice on the other side of it, together with what he fancied to be the creaking of an iron bedstead. It seemed as if the poor girl were tossing restlessly on her couch of pain, for presently he heard a faint moan, followed at an interval by a low incoherent muttering.

It was a dreary waiting-time, this, that had its dreariness doubled and trebled by the fear lest, even as he sat there, the dying girl might pass away with the story untold that it behooved him to hear.

His eye wandered round the dimly lighted room. It was of the type one might expect as the half salon, half *salle-à-manger* of an actress not at the head of her profession.

A general air of gaudiness prevailed. There was plenty of gilding and bright color in the furniture, but nowhere the touch of daintiness and order that proclaims the gentlewoman's sitting-room.

Side by side with the gaudiness and untidiness, there lingered pathetic traces of the sad episode that was ending poor Marie's career. A heavy cloak flung over the back of a chair, with its lining burned away, proclaimed the last service it had rendered to its owner. A pair of tiny silver-trimmed slippers, scorched and blackened, lay beside it on the floor. A portrait of Marie Schira, that of a beaming brilliant brunette, smiled down from an opposite wall on these tokens of the last tragedy in which she had played her part; and on a table immediately beneath this portrait, the light of the one candle

found out the diamonds in a massive gold bracelet which lay side by side with a broken fan and a withered bouquet of carnations.

A step on the outside landing made Clive turn his head toward the door, which he had left slightly ajar. Presently a man's head, with a hat on, looked in and as hurriedly withdrew. Clive had a good memory for faces, and, slight as was the glimpse he had of this one, it recalled that of one of the two men who had passed him on the previous day in the Rue Vervien, and whose remark respecting Captain Culvers he had overheard.

The fact struck him as strange. He might have doubted the evidence of his eyesight, if it had not, a moment after, been corroborated by a voice in the adjoining room, whose tones he at once identified with those of the man who had animadverted upon Captain Culvers's liking for the "two B's."

"Who is that man in there?" were the words that Clive heard, in French that had an unmistakable English flavor to it. "Has Mattie sent for him? or what does he want?"

The woman's reply did not reach Clive's ear.

Then the opening and shutting of a door, and the sound of heavy footsteps descending the stairs, told him that the man had departed.

Half an hour, marked by the jarringly merry chimes of a showy ormolu clock on the mantelpiece, slowly tolled itself out, and then there came the sound of other and lighter footsteps on the outer landing, followed once more by the opening and shutting of the door of the adjoining room.

"Mary, my poor child!" were the words that reached Clive now; "let me raise your pillows. It is I—your own Mattie back again."

It was said in English, and in sweet low tones that might have been a lady's.

Three minutes after, the door that divided the salon from the bed-room was softly opened, and Clive, looking up, saw standing, framed as it were in the doorway, the figure of a woman in a straight

black gown, and with a black poke-bonnet on her head. Beneath the bonnet showed the sweet careworn face of which he had caught a glimpse at the door of the hotel.

The woman closed the door behind her and advanced into the dim room.

"Are you Lord Culvers, sir?" she asked. "It is very good of you to come. I suppose you saw my message on the writing-table? I did not like to disturb the gentleman asleep in the easy-chair, so I ventured to make use of the pen and ink I saw there."

Clive explained that he was not Lord Culvers, but one of his most intimate friends, and that any story Marie Schira or her friends might have to tell, they might rely upon it, would be faithfully and literally transmitted by him to Lord Culvers.

The woman kept her eyes fixed on him as he spoke.

"I fear it is too late, sir," she said, sadly. "Since I went out this afternoon, a sad change has set in, and I fear my poor sister will carry her story into the grave with her. Something has been preying on her mind for days past—something in connection with the name of Culvers, which has been very often on her lips in her delirium. I would have gone to you sooner, if it had been possible."

"But have you no idea what has been preying on her mind?" asked Clive, eagerly. "Can you conjecture nothing, absolutely nothing, as to the story she wished to tell Lord Culvers?"

"I will tell you all I know, sir, with pleasure," she answered. "But it is very little. Till I was fetched from my work in London the other day, I had not seen Mary for years. I had prayed night and day that the lost sheep might be brought back to the fold; but—"

"Can you tell me who the man was who came in and went out about half an hour ago?" interrupted Clive, eager to snatch at any and every scattered thread that presented itself, in hopes that thus he might unravel something of the mystery which seemed to deepen at every turn.

"My brother John, sir, I suppose," she answered. "There are three of us—Mary, John, and Martha—that's me. Holy names these, sir; but alas! they have been but unworthily borne."

It was between pious ejaculations so charged with deep feeling that on her lips they became a prayer, that Clive gathered fragments of the family history of the bearers of these "holy names" that enabled him to understand something of the condition of things he was now called upon to face.

John had begun life as a stable-help; from that, he had risen to be a head groom. After that, his career had become dubious. He had fallen into bad company, taken to gambling and betting, and for years his family had seen nothing of him.

Mary, a beautiful but frivolous girl, had run away from home when little more than a child, to join a company of strolling players, and for years she too had been a stranger to her family and friends. Subsequently, John, in his somewhat vagrant career, had lighted upon her on the race-course at Chantilly, with her first name Frenchified, and the family patronymic of "Skinner" Italianized into "Schira." Under this nom de guerre, she had made something of a reputation as an actress of low-comedy parts at an inferior theatre.

Of herself, Miss Skinner said nothing. Her straight black gown and poke-bonnet seemed sufficiently to tell her story.

She ended her fragmentary scraps of family history in a faltering voice and with eyes that swam in tears.

"I pray for the two night and day, sir," she said, clasping her hands together; "without ceasing, I beseech the Good Shepherd to—"

"But," interrupted Clive, anxious to bring her back to the point where his interest was keenest, "did your sister, on your arrival here, give you no hint as to what was on her mind?"

"I know up to a certain point, sir. When I first arrived here, although she was suffering terribly, there was no fever on her, and she could talk calmly at intervals. In her sleep, she used to mutter

a good deal about some diamonds which, she seemed to fear, might get her and someone else into trouble."

Clive gave a great start.

"Diamonds?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir. So once, when she seemed suffering a little less, I asked her if she had anything in her possession that did not rightfully belong to her. At first, she refused to answer; but, when I spoke to her about the great Judgment-seat before which she must shortly stand, she grew frightened and told me to fetch her a certain box out of one of her drawers. I did so, and found in it a magnificent diamond brooch that had had some of its stones removed. This she desired me to take to the Church of the Carmelites on Sunday, and put into the offertory-bag. It would then, she said, no doubt, get back to its rightful owner, for there had been advertisements out offering a large reward for it."

"But did she give you no idea how the brooch came into her possession?" exclaimed Clive.

It was hard to be brought thus to the edge of an explanation, and then be left as much in the dark as ever.

"None whatever, sir, and she grew so rapidly worse that it became impossible to question her. In her delirium, the name of Culvers was very often on her lips. I spoke to John about this, and told him also about the brooch and what I had done with it. Upon this, he was very angry; he called me a fool, and said that, if I had given the brooch to him, he would have returned it to Lord Culvers and had five hundred pounds for his pains."

"And does John know nothing of how your sister obtained the brooch?"

"He says not, sir, and flies into a passion whenever I mention it to him. And although my poor sister has again and again in her delirium muttered the name of Culvers, she has never again alluded to the brooch. Last night, as I watched beside her, she muttered once or twice: 'Send for him—send for him.' I could think of no one but Lord Culvers that she could wish sent for; so, the first thing this morning, I went to

John and asked him if he knew Lord Culvers's address, so that I might telegraph to him Mary's wish to see him, for I could not tell what might lie behind it. John was rough, and refused me any information. One of John's associates, however, a man who once or twice has been moved by the Lord to show me a kindness, followed me down the stairs from John's rooms, and told me that Lord Culvers would be in Paris to-day, and most likely at the Hôtel Bristol in the afternoon."

Mystery seemed increasing upon mystery.

"Who was that man? How on earth could he know anything of Lord Culvers's movements?" exclaimed Clive.

"I don't know, sir. His name is Johnson; off and on, he is a good deal with John. I wish I could tell you more, sir. Mary seemed slightly better, and was sleeping quietly when I went out this afternoon, and I was hoping that she might have rallied enough to explain matters to you; but alas! while I was away, a change set in, and I fear now that she will carry her secret into the grave with her."

It was a long story. Clive had listened to it with the closest attention, summing up, meanwhile, in an under-current of thought, its many and diverse details—weighing them, as it were, in order to discover what bearing they might have on the main facts.

"I must see your brother," he said, as she finished speaking, "and ask him a few questions. Give me his address—that is, if you do not expect him back again here shortly."

Miss Skinner shook her head.

"I may not see him for days, sir," she answered, "unless I go to him; and then, most likely, I shall find him sound asleep, for he is up half the night, and in bed half the day."

Then she fetched pen and ink and wrote her brother's address upon a slip of paper.

"I have done my best, sir," she said, as she handed it to Clive and noted his dissatisfied expression of countenance. "I have felt all through that a great deal

lies behind all this; but how to get at it, I do not know."

Clive needed no telling that a great deal lay behind the story he had just heard. Mystery seemed accumulating upon mystery; clouds seemed thickening, not lifting.

"I must go back to the sick-room now, sir," she said, after waiting a moment for an answer. "My poor Mary may want me. And I must pray—pray for the poor lost lamb to the very last. Will you care to wait here, on the chance that a moment of consciousness may come to her, or will you go back?"

There could be but one answer to this from Clive: he would wait hours, days, if need were, on the faintest chance of a word being spoken by Marie Schira that might throw light on her possession of Ida's diamonds.

There was, however, Lord Culvers to be thought of. So he borrowed pen and paper, and asked if a trusty messenger could be found.

Miss Skinner answered him that the watcher beside Marie's couch, who was going off duty now for the night, might be trusted to carry a note for him.

Clive, therefore, sent by her a brief line to Lord Culvers, telling him not to expect him till he saw him, as he had been detained on a matter of importance.

A dreary night's vigil he was to keep in that dim silent room. The doctor came and the doctor went, saying that another six or eight hours would see the end of it, and telling Clive, as he passed through the outer room on his way downstairs, that, if he wanted to speak with Marie Schira, he might as well go home at once, for she would never again recover consciousness.

Nevertheless, Clive remained. After midnight, outside noises died down, and the silence deepened on the house within, a silence which, so far as he was concerned, was broken only by the merry chimes of the showy clock on the mantelpiece, the creaking of the bedstead in the adjoining room, and the moans of the poor sufferer.

And through it all—running, so to speak, as a soft sad accompaniment to those moans of pain—went ceaselessly the prayers of the sister kneeling beside the dying girl: "Spare her, good Lord! Have mercy upon her, a miserable sinner!"

CHAPTER XVI.

So Marie Schira passed away with her story untold.

The air struck chill to Clive, as, weary and sad at heart, he made his way down the stairs and out into the silent streets in the gray of the early dawn.

In spite of the early hour, he found Lord Culvers dressed and seated at breakfast when he got back to the hotel. To Clive's fancy, he looked far less dejected and spiritless than when he had left him overnight. To say truth, the old gentleman had ventured to build, on Clive's prolonged absence, hopes that the circumstances scarcely justified. He was, naturally enough, eager for an explanation. The long dreary explanation that Clive had to give killed those hopes one by one.

When it came to an end, the two found themselves precisely where they had been on the preceding day—so far, at least, as the mystery of Ida's disappearance was concerned: at the end of a blind alley, as it were, with a blank wall facing them.

"The thing we have now to decide," said Clive, as he finished his story, "is whether it will be better for me to see and question this man, John Skinner, or whether it will be best to leave him to the police."

The matter was to be decided for them, for, even as Clive said the words, the door opened, and a waiter entered to say that a man, by name John Skinner, was below, and wished to see Lord Culvers.

"We must be on our guard against fraud, with a man of his stamp," said Clive, as the waiter departed to show the man in.

Assuredly the personal appearance of John Skinner was not such as to inspire confidence. With his hat removed, he

looked even less attractive than he had on the previous night. He was short in stature, with a flat head, small eyes, and hair, complexion, and whiskers of a sandy hue. The expression on his face was that of cunning of a low type combined with servility.

He looked from Lord Culvers to Clive, from Clive to Lord Culvers. Then he turned to the latter, saying:

"I was told you wished to see me, my lord."

Lord Culvers looked helplessly at Clive.

"Yes," said Clive, coming forward and going straight to the point at once. "We have a question to ask you. How did a diamond brooch, the property of Lord Culvers's daughter, pass into the possession of your sister?"

The man did not immediately reply. A look of low cunning settled on his face. He made one step toward Lord Culvers.

"My lord," he said, "I have a question—an important one—to ask before I speak. I know that a handsome reward has been offered for the brooch; I want to know if there will be a reward—in proportion to that very handsome sum—for relating how that brooch got into a certain person's possession, and how it passed out of that person's possession into someone else's?"

"Oh-h," said Clive, contemptuously, "it's a case of how much down, is it?"

Lord Culvers became greatly agitated.

"Speak out, don't talk in enigmas," he said. "Of course I'll pay for information that may be worth having. Who is that 'certain person'?"

"But we've yet to learn that this man's word is to be relied on," said Clive, even more contemptuously than before. "A man who sells information for so much down, is likely to manufacture as much as he can find a market for."

Again the man declined to answer Clive, and addressed Lord Culvers.

"You can test the truth of my statements in any way you please, my lord," he said; "but I don't open my lips till I find out if it'll be worth my while."

"How much do you want?" asked Lord Culvers, his agitation increasing.

For answer, Skinner drew from his pocket a letter-case, from which he took some four or five slips of paper. These he spread before Lord Culvers, pointing with his finger to the name which signed each slip. One and all these papers were headed with the formidable letters "I.O.U.," one and all they were signed with the name—"Sefton Culvers."

"A mere bagatelle, my lord," he said, flippantly; "in all, something under five hundred pounds. But, small as it is, there's no chance of my getting it out of the captain. He has threatened more than once to pitch me out of the window, or kick me downstairs, just for asking for it."

"I suppose there can be no doubt that this is Captain Culvers's writing?" said Clive, turning to Lord Culvers.

Lord Culvers vouched for the genuineness of the signatures.

"And not a doubt, sooner or later," he added, "I shall have to discharge these and considerably heavier liabilities for my nephew."

It was scarcely the time for parleying and bargaining; it seemed the wiser course to cut short delay and write a cheque at once for the amount.

"Now for your story," said Clive, impatiently interrupting the man's profligate and somewhat servile thanks.

The story was simple enough, and was given in one sentence:

"I was in the room when Captain Culvers took the brooch out of his pocket, and gave it to Marie Schira, after a theatrical supper which the captain gave in the Rue Vervien."

"Ah-h!" And Lord Culvers's face expressed great amazement.

"Was anyone else present?" asked Clive, thinking it might be as well to get the man's words verified.

"Only my chum, George Johnson, sir, who'll vouch for the truth of what I say. Marie went into raptures over the brooch, and asked the captain where he had got such a pretty thing from. The captain, half-laughing, said that he had found it on the floor of a carriage, with

its pin broken as she saw it. Upon which Marie laughed, and said whoever had dropped it would never see it again."

"On the floor of a carriage!" repeated Lord Culvers. "That may have been on his way back to Glynde Lodge after Ida left him."

"Marie was deeply in debt," Skinner went on, willing to tell any amount of secrets now that it had been made "worth his while" to do so. "I suspect that she removed the stones from the brooch, and disposed of them as best she could."

The explanation seemed feasible enough. It made plain to Clive that the name of Culvers, so often on poor Marie's lips, represented to her mind Sefton, not Sefton's uncle.

Lord Culvers, in great agitation, paced the room.

"I couldn't have believed it of Sefton—no, not if anyone had sworn it!" he exclaimed. "One's own flesh and blood! After this, what may we not expect to hear?"

"So ends the episode of the diamond brooch," said Clive, bitterly, with an irritating recollection of the manner in which his father's sagacity had been led astray on the matter. Then he turned to Skinner.

"You can go," he said, a little sharply. "Of course, we shall take care, one way or another, to get your statements verified."

But how much of verification either he or Lord Culvers judged necessary, may be gathered from the fact that, as the door closed on the man, they exclaimed simultaneously, as with one voice:

"Police inquiry on this matter must be stopped at once."

Personally, it would not have troubled Clive one jot to have seen Sefton Culvers pilloried before the world, if only the man himself could have been detached from the name he bore. That name, however, at all costs, had to be kept untarnished.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the English mail came in that day, it brought with it for Clive the letter

over which Juliet had spent so many hours. He read it aloud to Lord Culvers from its first to its last word. It commenced with an earnest—one might almost say a heartbroken—entreaty that Clive would use his utmost endeavor to persuade Lord Culvers to call in the aid of the police, and to move heaven and earth to discover her darling sister. Her lips, unsealed now by terror as to what might be that sister's fate, told fully and freely the story of her own conjectures and fears, and then went on to explain the part she had already played in the matter.

"My impression, at first," she wrote, "was that Ida and Sefton had had some desperate quarrel on their way to the churchyard, and that Ida had made the visit to mother's grave an excuse for escaping from him. I fancied that she had gone to the house of some people whom she had met in Florence, and whose exact address I did not know. I thought that possibly she was corresponding—circuitously, not giving her address—with Sefton, trying to make him come to terms: that is to say, trying to make him consent to her living apart from him, provided she handed over to him a large portion of her fortune. I fancied she would not write to father, for fear he should interfere, and insist on her giving in; but I expected a line from her at any moment, telling me what part I was to take in the matter. When none came, I concluded that she was afraid to write for fear Peggy or father might get hold of her letter, and so trace her out. Then there occurred to me a safe way in which we might carry on our correspondence—a way, indeed, which we had planned together in the old days, when we found out how fond Peggy was of peeping into our letters. You know our dear old Goody lives in a cottage overgrown with a big yellow rose. She hates Peggy like poison, and would lay down her life for Ida and me. More than once we have had our letters addressed to us at the cottage under cover to Goody."

"When Ida went off to Biarritz, two years ago, we agreed on a signal that would tell her when we were at Dering,

and she could write to me at Goody's cottage. It was that I should seal a letter or newspaper wrapper, or, in fact, anything I liked to send, with our grandmother's seal. That seal I always keep in my writing-desk and carry about with me. It is an amethyst, cut with a rose surrounded with the motto: 'Sub signo et sub rosa.' It is horrid to be driven to such devices, but, as you know, we girls were never safe from Peggy's prying eyes. I've known her take my blotting-paper to the looking-glass, and, in that fashion, read what and to whom I had written. So the idea occurred to me now, that, as I couldn't send Ida a letter sealed with grandmother's seal, if I put the motto of the seal as an advertisement in all the newspapers, it would be sure to catch her eye, tell her that we were at Dering, and that she could write to me anything she pleased under cover to Goody as before. This advertisement Arthur Glynde inserted at my request—you may have seen it—in all the leading English and continental journals. No letter, however, has as yet come to me through Goody; and, though I stay on here on the chance of getting one, little by little all hope is leaving me. I am convinced now that my theory, from beginning to end, has been all wrong, and that Sefton is as much in the dark as I am as to Ida's fate. I am all terror and anxiety as to what has become of my darling sister.

"O Clive! dear, dear Clive! I beg, I implore you, do not let my father hush the matter up any longer! I entreat you give him no rest until he has called in the aid of the police, and left not a stone unturned to end this fearful suspense. Only do this for me, and I shall be everlastingly grateful to you. I will do anything and everything that lies in my power to make you happy. I will—what more can I say?—at once release you from your engagement to me. I will promise never, under any circumstances, to become your wife, but will remain,

"Always your devoted, grateful friend,
"JULIET CULVERS."

Clive folded the letter and laid it on

one side. The writer and her more than half-ironical promise of reward dwindled in importance before the communications she had had to make.

"The advertisements, of course, are accounted for now," said Clive, slowly; "but not Captain Culvers's keen interest in them. There's something that wants explanation there."

Lord Culvers grew thoughtful.

"Let me think," he said, presently. "Juliet's grandmother and Sefton's are one and the same person—my mother."

"Ah-h," said Clive, drawing a long breath; "and, naturally enough, to Sefton, as well as to Juliet, would come some of her jewelry. That is suggestive."

"I had entirely forgotten," Lord Culvers went on, "the seal to which Juliet refers. It was given to the girls, with a number of old trinkets, when they were little more than children."

"Similar trinkets may have been given to Sefton by his father."

"No doubt. Now I think of it, there was a ring. What became of it, I wonder? It was a jasper set with diamonds, a long, coffin-shaped thing. Let me think—who had that?"

Not for worlds would Clive have interrupted Lord Culvers's train of thought now.

"Yes, I'm sure it was given to my brother—Sefton's father, that is," he said, after a moment's pause; "and now I think of it, there was some device on it—a rose, I fancy—but I can't be sure what the motto was. It would be very likely to be the same as on the seal. No doubt there was some reason for my mother's fancy for the device, or it may have been handed down to her."

"Sefton most probably received that ring from his father," said Clive, slowly summing up the case, as it were, and thinking out his ideas as he spoke them. "Now it is possible that he, in his turn, may have given the ring to someone else under circumstances that made the gift of importance." He broke off for a moment, then added, with a sudden energy; "There is a great deal behind all this, I am convinced. I should like

amazingly to know to whom, and under what circumstances, Captain Culvers has given that ring."

The questions to whom, and under what circumstances Sefton Culvers had given the ring, with its device of a rose, were to be answered in a manner Clive little expected, for at that moment the door opened, and Sefton himself entered the room. Entered, not in his usual slow, languid manner, and with eye-glass ready to uplift wherewith to stare out of countenance anyone who presumed uninvited to address him, but with a hurried step, and with a white face, and eyes with a startled look in them, as of a man suddenly sobered by astounding or terrible news.

He lost no time in greeting or handshaking, but going straight to Clive, laid his hand upon his arm, saying:

"Help me! I want your help."

Clive stared at him, his bright, prominent eyes seeming almost to start from his head. Help him! Why, if he had entered the room pistols in hand, and said, "Choose your weapon!" it would have seemed far more natural.

Sefton did not give him time to speak his astonishment. He drew a letter from his pocket, and bade him read it. Its seal, though broken, showed plainly enough the device of a rose, surrounded by a motto. The envelope bore no postmark, and it was addressed to "Captain Culvers," in Ida's handwriting.

"It was left at my rooms about half an hour ago—but by whom I haven't the remotest idea," continued Sefton.

Clive tore the letter from its envelope, and read as follows:

"Alta Lauria.

"Come without a moment's delay, and receive back your ring from dying hands."

"IDA."

The paper dropped from his nerveless hand.

"Does it mean—" he began, hoarsely; and then his own words seemed to choke him.

Lord Culvers picked up the letter and read it; then he, too, turned a white, stricken face towards Sefton.

"Tell us, quickly, for heaven's sake!" cried Clive; "does she refer to her wedding-ring, or to what?"

He had thought that the mere sight of Ida's writing once more would be bound to send them all down on their knees in gratitude to heaven; but there was nothing to thank heaven for in such a letter as this.

Sefton answered slowly and gloomily:

"I know no more than you do to what ring she refers, whether to her wedding-ring or to the ring which sealed that letter, and which was given by me to— to someone else. Nor do I know whether the dying hands she speaks of are her own or that other person's. I only know for certain that Alta Lauria is the last place in the world for my wife to be in—for special reasons—reasons that you must know now—that I must tell—"

He broke off abruptly, he was evidently driving himself to speak.

"Never mind about your special reasons," said Clive, brusquely; "tell us where this place is, and how we can get to it without a moment's delay."

"Unfortunately, there must be hours of delay before we can even start for it. It is in Calabria, among the mountains, and not a train will leave for Naples before six to-night. I know the road to that accursed place only too well," said Sefton, gloomily as before.

"Sefton, answer me this," said Lord Culvers, in an agitated tone. "Was the person to whom you gave that ring a woman, and was your faith due to her?"

Sefton turned and faced him defiantly.

"Don't ask me any questions," he said, fiercely. "I'll tell you all—all, that is, you need know. It's a long story; but, unfortunately, there's time enough and to spare to tell it before we can start."

But Clive had to be convinced of this—had to fetch and study railway guides, and maps, and lines of route before he could be persuaded that a weary three hours must elapse before they could so much as take the first step in a journey that might end heaven only knew how.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEFTON'S story, told in short, abrupt sentences, and with as little detail as possible, was, after all, nothing more than the old one of plighted faith and broken troth that the world has heard so often.

It dated eighteen months back, when Captain Culvers had returned with his regiment from India. He had arrived in England in the middle of a bleak English March, and had been advised by his doctors not to attempt to face it in his enfeebled state of health, but to start at once for the south of Europe. Accordingly, with a brother officer, he had set off on a tour through south Italy, intending to make Naples his headquarters, and thence diverge a little out of the beaten track of the tourist into less frequented regions. At Naples, however, his brother officer had caught the Neapolitan fever, and, after a time, had been compelled to return to England. So Sefton continued his excursions without companionship. After scouring the Abruzzi, he had diverged into Calabria, and, in spite of bad roads, miserable inns, and fever in all directions, had penetrated into the mountainous region of La Sila.

And here, in the heart of the country where the bandit, "Peter the Calabrian," self-styled "Emperor of the Mountains, and King of the Woods," had held alike his camp and his court, and where Peter's descendants and representatives lead as marauding and indolent a life as modern Italian civilization permits, Sefton fell ill with fever, and went nigh to losing his life. His quarters were a miserable hut—miscalled inn—on the edge of the forest whence Peter and his co-marauders used to emerge to strike terror into the heart of wayfarers. There was no doctor within twenty miles—a distance doubled by the rocky roads. The people of the inn, therefore, called in to his aid the wise woman of the place—a certain Francesca Xardez, who, with remedies assuredly not to be found in any modern pharmacopœia, brought him back to health.

This Francesca Xardez was a person

of no small importance in Alta Lauria, the mountain-hamlet where Sefton had fallen ill. To begin with, chance had put her in the way of receiving a better education than generally falls to the lot of the Italian peasant. Also in her young days she had been something of a traveler, and had visited several of the cities of continental Europe.

Thirdly and lastly, and what added most to her prestige among the rough mountaineers, she was foster-mother to the only child of the chief landowner in the place, the Marchese da Nava; her husband was the marchese's head-bailiff, her six sons were shepherds, vine-dressers, or in some other way employed upon his estate. In addition, her nurse-child, Violante, was devotedly attached to her.

This Marchese da Nava was a widower, and a man close upon seventy years of age, when Sefton visited Alta Lauria. Late in life he had married a peasant-girl in the place, who had died, leaving him with this one child, Violante.

Although feudalism has been banished from Italy, the feudal spirit survives in the wilder and more mountainous regions. The bond between peer and peasant in parts of Calabria is of a kind to which northern Europe offers no parallel. The marchese was poor as a marchese could well be, for his large estates consisted to a great extent of exhausted mines, hill pasture-land, and mountains, sloping down in ridges to the dense forests of gigantic oleander, arbutus, and wild olive, which cover the sites of forgotten battle-fields. He was also a man of ungovernable temper; his household was ill-arranged and disorderly, and his sense of obligation as a landowner nil. Nevertheless, the devotion of the peasantry to him was unswerving, and his will as much a law to them as if it had been passed into one by Senate, and would be put into force by Carabinieri.

As for Violante, she was simply the darling and the idol of these rude mountaineers. With a temper nearly as violent as her father's, she combined a beauty met with nowhere save in the mixed races of Magna Græcia. Ill-

trained, and all but uneducated, she had grown up among them half-princess, half-peasant, related on her father's side to some of the noblest houses in Italy, and owning on her mother's side to near relatives among the poorest and most debased of the vine-dressers and shepherds of Alta Lauria. She was one with the peasants in all their joys and sorrows, and it was no unusual thing for this last representative of a race that had held sway in the district for centuries, to be seen in her foster-mother's cottage eating macaroni and drinking wine side by side with her foster-brothers, *Giorno* the vine-dresser, or *Pippo* the little goat-herd.

It was no wonder that when *Francesca* was called in to administer her remedies to the handsome young Englishman, *Violante* should accompany her, nor that, later on, when the Englishman, restored to health, called on his skillful doctress to offer her his thanks, *Violante* should have been found in the cottage eating eggs and vermicelli with her peasant foster-brothers.

On the fascination which this beautiful half-educated girl soon grew to have for him, *Sefton* touched but lightly. It was, on his side, a delirium that came to an end with the summer's moon under which it had had its birth. While it lasted, however, it led him over the bounds of prudence, and he accepted an invitation from the marchese to make the Palazzo his headquarters, and thence visit the places of interest in the neighborhood.

And before the first week of his visit had come to an end, he had made *Violante* an offer of marriage, which, with her father's approval, she had accepted.

Then with a start he had awakened from his dream of passion, and told himself what a fool he had been to think of introducing the ill-trained, half-educated, and penniless *Violante* to his aristocratic English friends as his wife. He set his wits to work to find a way out of the entanglement, and could see one only—flight. That even to be accomplished successfully had to be craftily contrived, for he had no mind to run

the gauntlet of the stilettos or bullets of *Violante's* numerous foster-brothers or half-savage cousins. So, under pretext of a journey to England to prepare his mother to receive his beautiful bride, he had said good-bye to the marchese and *Violante*, begging them during his absence to make all preparations for the wedding-day, and promising a speedy return.

That promise, it need scarcely be said, had never been fulfilled.

After his flight from Alta Lauria, Captain *Culvers* had remained for some months in Paris, and there had drifted into dissipations that had left an indelible mark on his character. For some time after his return to England he had lived in the expectation of the story of the Calabrian episode in some way or other becoming known, and of his character suffering accordingly.

It was under the influence of this feeling that he had resigned his commission. When, however, a year passed by, and *Violante's* friends made no sign, he concluded that the matter had blown over, and did his best to dismiss it from his thoughts.

He ended his story, saying that he had never in remotest fancy connected *Ida's* disappearance with this episode in his life; nor could he in any way explain how nor by whom she had been inveigled into that "accursed Alta Lauria—a nest of wild, hot-blooded ruffians."

With reference to *Ida's* disappearance, his impression from first to last had been either that she and *Juliet* were playing off some trick on him, doing their utmost, in fact, to make him look like a fool, or else that *Ida*, having come to the conclusion that married life with him would be an impossibility, had taken the first step in a plan which she and *Juliet* had arranged together, and of which he would hear more anon. He would give his "word of honor" that this was the simple truth so far as he was concerned.

The phrase, his "word of honor," came jarringly as "Finis" to such a narrative.

For a few minutes there fell a dead

silence in the room—a silence, however, which, to Sefton's fancy, seemed charged with the contempt and scorn that not a doubt his two hearers felt for him.

Lord Culvers was the first to break that silence.

"My dead brother's only son!" was all he said by way of comment.

He did not hurl the words at his nephew, challenging reply and defense; they came rather as the words of a sigh that could not be repressed.

Sefton turned upon him fiercely.

"Surrounded with such a set of desperate ruffians, there was no course but flight open to me. You, yourself, in the circumstances, would have done precisely the same thing."

Clive felt that it was not the time for either attack or defense. His business training and daily companionship with his father had taught him one thing if nothing else: that to lose self-control at a crisis in affairs, meant to let go the helm and let the vessel drive.

"The most terrible part of the whole thing is that Ida should be in the midst of such a den at the present moment," he interposed, hurriedly. "We must put every thought but this out of our minds."

Personally he felt such a course to be imperative. Here was he compelled, by force of circumstances, to act the comrade to a man whom he would have delighted to call a scoundrel to his face. Once give his tongue license, and that comradeship must collapse.

Lord Culvers made no reply. He was wandering slowly, helplessly almost, round the room, collecting papers and other of his possessions, with which he had littered Clive's sitting-room earlier in the day.

It was easy to see his intention.

"You wouldn't be fit for it. You'd break down before we got across the frontier," said Sefton, a little roughly, but not unkindly.

"It will be easy to telegraph to you daily—every few hours, if you like—and then you can follow us step by step, as it were," said Clive.

And then, taking out his pencil, with Sefton's aid he jotted down various stations from which they could despatch their telegrams, and where also they could receive them should need arise.

Lord Culvers allowed himself to be persuaded. To impede the young men at such a time would have been sheer folly; and it was impossible to disguise even from himself the fact that in his present depressed and nervous condition, he could be nothing but an impediment to them.

"And there is something to be done in Paris," pursued Clive, anxious once more to rouse Lord Culvers from his depression by turning his attention to the practical details of the "situation." "The Prefect of Police, not a doubt, must be told of the turn affairs have taken; he may have suggestions to make that may be of value to us—you can telegraph them to us, you know, at one of the stations we have named."

Sefton, at any rate, had a suggestion to make to Clive as he strapped together his hand-portmanteau, and he made it in a voice so low that it did not reach Lord Culvers's ear. It was:

"Whatever you do or don't take with you, don't forget your revolver. Mine is in my breast-pocket."

As the train by which Clive and Sefton started on the first stage of their journey was about to move from the platform, two persons, hurriedly passing through the barrier, swung themselves into a third-class compartment. One of these two was a man of about five-and-twenty, a handsome, reckless, insolent-looking young fellow, wearing a slouch hat and a gay necktie; the other was a black-eyed, olive-skinned boy, with a barrel-organ and a monkey.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



A STORY OF A STORY.

BY HELEN COMBES.

IT is the best thing I ever wrote, and I will find a place for it somewhere!"

Miss Kane was angry.

She glared defiantly at her sister, who had tried to stem the torrent of her wrath with a faint protest.

"But just think how many stamps you have wasted on it already," Mary remonstrated, mildly.

"More shame on the editors who refuse to recognize its merits," stormed the author angrily. "If it were one of the silly, sentimental, love-sick order of stories, it would have been accepted at the start. But because for once I have been true to my own nature, and have put all my soul into a really good story, it has come back time after time with the message: 'Sorry to decline any of your contributions, but this is scarcely the class of story our readers demand.'"

This time Mary made no reply. She was accustomed to Kate's moods, and knew that the safest way to treat them was to let her talk herself out. And this last grievance was such a heavy one, that she was giving it more than usual consideration. So she sat quietly by, while Kate rapidly paced the floor; a slim, neat figure, in a severely plain black gown. Backward and forward she went, her brows knitted and her even white teeth clenched over her lower lip.

"I am thoroughly disgusted," she broke out at length, coming to an abrupt standstill by Mary's chair. "There are those silly little sentimental stories which I didn't consider as worth the value of the time it took to write them, snapped up almost before the ink was dry on the paper; and here is this, this into which I have put my best thought and work and effort, and nobody will have it at any price."

She gave the manuscript, which lay on the floor at Mary's feet, an impatient kick; then, relenting, she gathered it up and smoothed it fondly.

"My poor little brain-child," she said; "you are too good for this sensation-loving, unappreciative age. I believe I shall have to burn you after all."

"Oh, don't!" Mary cried, sharply, as Kate made a move toward the stove. "You spent so much time, and took so much pleasure in writing it. Don't destroy it. It will surely find its mission some day."

But Kate's impulse had already passed, and with it the frown from her forehead.

"No, I won't burn it up," she said.

"I don't know exactly what to do with it, but perhaps I shall have an inspiration. Who knows? And now let's have some tea and to work again, for even if I do despise myself for writing those foolish stories, it's a case of bread and butter; and needs must, you know, when a certain person holds the reins."

It was evident that the storm had blown over for that day at least, and Mary, who dearly loved her talented sister, with whose disappointments and hopes she heartily sympathized, was glad that the much-traveled manuscript was to have a season of rest. Backwards and forwards it had gone, and each time the postman left it at the door Kate's wrath had waxed hotter, till finally it had overstepped all bounds, and the tempest which ensued had frightened even Mary.

It was almost the first serious disappointment that Kate had experienced since she had chosen literature as a profession. Reduced from affluence to comparative poverty by the death of their father, it had seemed quite natural for Kate to shoulder the burden of providing the necessities, if not the luxuries of life. Mary, the gentle, unassuming elder sister, was clearly unable to do battle as a wage-earner, so the two found a small house, and Mary took charge, while Kate set about providing the means to keep the home together.

She had had a thorough education, and obtained a clerkship with a chance

to study stenography. When this was mastered, she drifted into a broker's office, and from there she went to the still busier whirl of a newspaper publishing-house. She took a keen interest in her surroundings, and when, after a while, she began to write down her ideas, encouragement was not lacking.

It was a small beginning, but the American energy and perseverance, which formed a large part of Kate's make-up, helped her along, and in a short time she abandoned the stenographer's desk, and devoted herself entirely to developing the newly-discovered talent.

She had been quick to catch the idea of what would prove acceptable to newspaper and magazine editors. She wrote the light and frothy stories which were so much in demand, and her name soon became known. Editors besieged her with requests for bits from her pen, and she was able to earn a good income from her work. But, though she was succeeding beyond her hopes, a vague dissatisfaction with the work she was doing crept in to mar her pleasure. Mary had noticed the failing appetite, the perplexed, unsatisfied look, and the occasional fits of petulance, but she did not ask any explanation; and when at last it came voluntarily, she was chary of sympathy and advice, knowing well that the battle in the girl's mind must be fought to the end before the storm-clouds would clear away.

So the story was begun. It was not read aloud, page by page, in the little parlor, for Mary to criticize. It was not written with the steady persistency which marked Kate's usual working hours. Often it lay untouched for days, then it would be brought out and worked on far into the night.

Mary always went to bed, and tried to sleep while Kate was at her desk, writing on till forced by exhaustion to lay down her pen. Espionage at any time was irksome to her, but during the progress of that story she was especially impatient, and rebelled against the gentle persistence with which Mary forced her to take much-needed nourishment. And, when the manuscript was finished, Kate laid it

in her sister's hands, and went out of the house. When she returned Mary met her at the door, and kissed her. "It is worthy of my sister," she said, and no other words were spoken. But Kate was better satisfied than if she had loaded it down with fulsome praises.

Alas for the hapless story! It came back from the first editor with a polite regret. Kate was thunderstruck; but she made excuses, and sent it out again on its mission. Again it returned to her, and after several trials she had to acknowledge that this, her supreme effort, was a failure. She knew that it was good, but what was the use of its being good if no one would have it?

So the story was laid away in a corner of Kate's desk, and she resumed the old work. The experience did her some little good, because it showed that she was not infallible, and nipped her growing pride in herself in the bud.

* * *

"No, I have not met Mr. Hazelton. Is he here to-night?"

It was at a fashionable reception, and Kate Kane was as usual the center of an admiring group. She always disclaimed the assertion that she was winning fame by her writings, but admirers of literature loved to hover around her, and listen to her sparkling conversation. Someone had mentioned the name of Philip Hazelton, and Kate, who had been rather distraught, had roused to interest immediately: for Mr. Hazelton was being a good deal talked about in the world of literature. He was an Englishman, who had made a name for himself in London, and at whose feet literary New York was almost ready to fall down and worship.

Kate had never met him, and when the hostess approached her, accompanied by a stranger, she could scarcely repress the exclamation: "What a noble-looking man!"

She responded to the introduction which followed, wondering all the time in what particular feature of the man's face lay the peculiar charm which the whole possessed. He was not a very young man. A few silver threads showed

here and there among the heavy short black hair on his forehead. His eyes were dark and piercing, and yet deep down in them was a gleam of softness. Kate could see that the drooping mustache hid a very firm mouth, the sternness of which was redeemed by the rare smile which showed just a glimpse of regular white teeth. And his hands—a real poet's hands, Kate thought, as she noted the length of the fingers, with their tapering ends. And then, seeing that while she had been taking stock of him, he had been equally observant with regard to her, she pulled herself together and began to talk.

Very soon she was astonished to find herself playing the rôle of listener. It was a new experience to the girl, who was accustomed to being listened to.

That night, when she was relating the occurrences of the evening to Mary, and the latter asked: "What did you talk to him about?" she said: "I didn't talk; I only listened," and then went off into a fit of silent laughter at Mary's comically astonished look.

It was only the beginning of a good many talks where Kate took second place. After that night she was constantly meeting the talented author, and though she could never understand why, she was always content to listen, uttering only an occasional word of comment or interrogation.

It was not that Hazelton made any effort to monopolize the talk. Indeed, the two, who somehow always drifted toward one another, would sit for a long time silent, each busy with their own thoughts.

"But I really can't talk much to Mr. Hazelton," Kate told Mary. "He is so different from the people I have been used to meeting. I know he can't understand why people call me clever. I could shake myself for being so silent when he is by, but I can't help it."

By and by he found his way to the little house in the suburbs, and Mary, who seldom went into society, had a chance to become acquainted with him. One day he called when Kate was not at home, and Mary entertained him for

half an hour alone. He talked a good deal about Kate.

"I have read some of your sister's stories," he told Mary, "and I think she is capable of doing much better work. Perhaps I ought not to criticize them to you, but from what I have seen of her, I should judge that very little of her real talent is expended on those creations."

Mary longed to tell him about the rejected manuscript, lying in Kate's desk, but she felt that it would be a breach of confidence. She listened to the conversation of her caller, falling more and more under the charm of his magnetic presence.

When Kate got home, her sister waxed quite enthusiastic on the subject of Mr. Hazelton. But something had gone wrong with Kate, and she stopped the flow of praises with an impatient: "Oh, do stop talking about him! I'm tired to death of being told about his perfections."

She was unusually irritable and quiet about that time, so much so that Mary ventured to suggest a change of air. Kate seized on it eagerly.

"I do believe I'll go down to B— for a few days," she said. "The sea-breezes will blow the cobwebs from my brain."

So it was settled that on the following Saturday she should start on a brief vacation.

That night Kate went to a reception at the house where she had first met Philip Hazelton. She was feverishly gay and flippant, and when, as usual, Hazelton monopolized her, she astonished and pained him by her levity. A very spirit of unrest seemed to have possession of her, and the disapprobation, which Philip could scarcely hide, only served to fan the flame. When she had driven him away from her side, she entered into a spirited flirtation with one of her admirers; and Hazelton, having looked on till his heart was sick, bade his hostess an abrupt good-bye and left.

The next day was Friday, and Kate was kept busy putting her work in order and making ready for her journey on the

morrow. In the afternoon, Mary went out to pay some calls, and she was left alone. She was putting the finishing touches to her preparations, when Mr. Hazelton was announced.

The greeting was constrained on both sides. Kate felt like a culprit, but determined not to show it; and Hazelton was disappointed at her demeanor and sorry that he had come.

"I am going to B—— to-morrow for a few days," Kate told him, and then experienced a shock when he said quietly: "Perhaps I shall not see you again, then. I am going back to England very soon."

But whatever she felt at the announcement, she managed to conceal from her companion, and to make some show of keeping up a lively conversation. But the effort was almost more than she could bear. She knew his keen eyes were reading her face, and dreaded lest he should see on it any mark of her suffering.

When he rose to go, he took her hand, and tried to look into her eyes, but she turned uneasily away, with a lightly-expressed wish that he would have a pleasant voyage and a safe journey.

There was nothing in her voice to denote regret, and with a smothered sigh he turned and left the room. His quick ears did not catch the sob of pain which burst from the girl's overcharged bosom, and though he turned at the gate and looked longingly at the window of the little parlor, he did not see the figure which lay prone upon the floor in a very abandonment of grief and desolation.

Never in her life before had Kate given way to her feelings so absolutely. Time, work, everything, was forgotten except that this man, her idol, her hero, had gone out of her life forever.

It was a very quiet Kate who greeted Mary half an hour later. "Mr. Hazelton has been here. He is going back to England," she said, dully; and though Mary looked at her sharply, she could not see the effort it cost to tell the news.

So Kate went to B——, and Mary remained at home, thoroughly unhappy at the trouble which had crept into their quiet lives.

"Kate loves Philip Hazelton," she thought, "and I am almost sure that he was unusually interested in her. Why can't they come to some understanding, instead of trying to get the ocean between them?" And placid Mary, who never got out of temper, felt impatient and cross at the perversity of the two unreasonable people.

She was astonished one morning on her way to visit a friend to meet Mr. Hazelton.

"I thought you had gone to England," she said, after she had returned his greeting.

"I am going the day after to-morrow," he said, soberly, adding: "I thought I might venture to come and bid you good-bye."

"Kate is not at home," she said, bluntly.

"I know," he answered, flushing a deep red. Then with an effort: "It was you I wanted to see, Miss Mary. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

They had turned, and were walking back toward the house. When they got into the little parlor, Hazelton walked over to the mantelpiece and looked fixedly at a picture of Kate's saucy face, which adorned it. Then he turned abruptly, and faced Mary.

"I love your sister," he said.

"Well," Mary answered, "why don't you tell her so?"

"Why! Because, fifteen years ago, I loved a butterfly, and married her. Three years we lived together, though the love on both sides scarcely survived three months. For twelve years I never loved another woman. Then I met your sister. She attracted me. I pride myself on being a fair judge of character, and I thought I discerned under the gay exterior an earnest, steadfast purpose. Then I found that she was the writer of the 'K K' stories. I was disappointed, and her behavior at Mrs. R.'s reception, and her treatment of me when I called to bid her good-bye, put the finishing touch to my disappointment. Do you blame me that I would rather endure the agony of unsatisfied love, than repeat the story of my early life?"

Now Mary Kane rarely acted on impulse, but for once in her life she swerved from her general rule. Crossing the room to Kate's desk, she took from it a package of manuscript. Her voice was a little unsteady as she spoke.

"You have seen only one side of my sister's character, Mr. Hazelton. Read that, then judge her as you will."

* * *

In the gray twilight of the evening, Kate Kane stood on the lonely shore looking out seawards. Her eyes were full of tears, and her head drooped in a

sad little way, which pierced the heart of a man who was coming quickly towards her over the sands. She did not hear the footsteps, she did not know of his approach, until he was close beside her, and had dropped on his knees at her feet.

"My darling, my darling," he cried. "I have misjudged you cruelly. Say you will forgive me and love me."

"I have loved you always," she said simply, as she bent down and kissed him on the forehead.

So the story fulfilled its mission at last.

ALBERTA.

BY S. C. D.



HAVING permission, and as nearly as possible in an old friend's words, I will relate a brief story relative to the ever-popular California.

He said: Many years ago, when I was at an age to be fired with wild enthusiasm at the prospect of gaining a fortune for myself, the well-remembered excitement in regard to hunting gold in California swept over the land, and I, with many others, left a comfortable home and dear friends to seek for what is often termed "the root of all evil."

In April, 1850, the same year that California became a State, the route having been planned and every other arrangement made, we started on our journey. From New York we went to New Orleans, then through Texas, New Mexico, and so into California.

The party contained about two thousand five hundred members, and I believe that every one of them learned what privation and discomfort meant, especially when traveling through the uncultivated land, where savages roamed according to their own sweet will. There were many times when I thought our "golden dream" would never be realized, for the change of climate, and unaccustomed mode of living caused us to suffer seem-

ingly everything but death; also to think of home and friends in a manner that can only be known by experience.

We expected to reach San Francisco in sixty or seventy days from the time we left New York; but, alas! seven months and nineteen days had elapsed before we reached the Mecca of our dreams. For fourteen days we were within fifty miles of two thousand Indians, and, having our provisions all stolen, came near starving.

During this time a party of Mexicans and Spaniards, also on their way to make a fortune, fell in with us, and gained permission to join our company. A number of my friends and myself could speak Spanish, so we got on nicely, though I always held myself aloof from strangers as much as was possible, under the circumstances.

It was soon discovered that one of the Spaniards was a person capable of being a most devoted friend, or diabolical enemy. However, we had no particular difficulty; and, arriving at San Francisco, parted company with the new acquaintances, and saw no more of them for many months.

Time passed, and the greater part of our band were meeting with marked success; some, of course, had become dis-

couraged, and gone home, and a few had lost their lives in the pursuit of wealth.

One evening, while partaking of a hearty repast, that usually followed a busy day, we were thrown into great excitement by the news of a cruel and heartless murder: a wife and daughter left without a protector, through the agency of an unprincipled man and a sling-shot. The dreadful deed had been committed on one of the public roads leading to the city of San Francisco, and both parties were on horseback. The man who had been killed possessed a large fortune, and for the purpose of gaining this, some of his own countrymen—Spaniards—had entered into a scheme to take his life.

My sympathy was unreservedly aroused, and when requested by a friend to attend the funeral, I willingly complied. The church—a Spanish Catholic—was situated about two miles from the city, and we were obliged to stand for two long hours to witness the impressive and interesting ceremony. The grief of the beautiful Spanish lady; and her more beautiful daughter, was inexpressibly sad to behold.

In all my intercourse with society, which had been somewhat extensive, I had never met one who so completely fascinated me as this unfortunate young lady, and I longed for an opportunity to show my sympathy. I had not long to wait, for Mrs. Ebero and her daughter found themselves without money or a home, and were kindly taken in at the same place where I boarded.

The sorrowing woman hoped, with the aid of her young daughter, to earn a livelihood by sewing; and she was not disappointed. All were interested in their welfare, and as there were so few women, and so many men, plenty of sewing could be found for those who did such work.

I soon became acquainted with the ladies, and was able to render assistance in many ways, though it all had to be very ingeniously managed, for they were proud in the highest sense of the word.

Early one afternoon, as I was returning from my business, I saw the young lady talking to a man whom I imme-

diately recognized as one of the Spaniards who joined our party in Texas, and attracted particular attention by his peculiar traits of character. The incident was a trifling one, but caused me great anxiety. I feared, and I could not tell why, that all was not right. I dared not say anything to my friends, because I knew they would laugh at what to them would seem like a jealous spirit.

Of course, I was only a passing acquaintance of Alberta Ebero and her mother, and conducted myself accordingly; but I could not deny the fact that my interest in them was daily increasing. The poor heart-broken wife was grieving herself to death over the loss of her husband, and watchful ones began to fear that Alberta would soon be an orphan.

Days and weeks passed, and no more was seen of the suspicious one. I inquired of Mrs. Ebero if she was acquainted with Matto Lopez, and she replied that her husband knew him. This allayed my unrest, and I said no more. Affairs in which I was chiefly interested progressed, and Alberta promised to be mine at an early day.

But a change came. Through unavoidable exposure I contracted a severe cold, which refused to yield to ordinary remedies; and my health began to rapidly give way. Finally, physicians bade me travel; and, when I hesitated, told me my life was at stake. I must submit to their orders.

It was a crushing blow. I would gladly have married Alberta, and taken her and her mother with me; but Mrs. Ebero was inexorable, saying it would be all too soon after the death of Mr. Ebero—though nearly a year had passed since his death.

My health did not improve by traveling in southern California, as I had hoped; and medical advisers ordered me on to the Sandwich Islands. So I was obliged to write my friends that I would be absent a longer time.

During my stay in California, Alberta and I heard from each other as often as the then uncertain mail-system would permit, but after I departed on my island

trip, I heard not a word. Nevertheless, I at last began to mend, and in a few months considered myself in a favorable condition to return to San Francisco and claim my own.

Imagine my delight when we arrived in sight of the Golden Gate! And upon reaching port I made all possible haste to my old stopping-place, for the purpose of greeting friends. But here my delight was turned to sorrow, which I will not attempt to portray. Mrs. Ebero had been dead for some time, and Alberta disappeared soon after. No one knew where she had gone. Several had seen her in company with a Spaniard, and the supposition was that he had much to do with her flight. Investigation was of no avail. I could gain no intelligence of the missing, and at last decided to return home.

My only sister was married soon after my return, and left me alone with my parents. The years passed as if on leaden wing: I sometimes longing for the rest which only death can give—sometimes nearly frantic with a desire to live and find Alberta. I could not bring myself to believe that she had been intentionally false.

Many times I resolved to cross the ocean, but my parents were in feeble health, and could not for a moment endure the thought. I endeavored in every way to find occupation for the mind, feeling that all could not devolve upon the heart. Mental culture is said to be a balm most potent for such thoughts—that when the burdened heart weighs down the one scale, the mind will restore the balance. But in my case the truth of this theory has not been exactly verified, perhaps because of the peculiar nature of my composition. My heart had never been touched but once, and then so deeply that affection could never grow cold. Do what I might, my mind would revert to the past, and my father and mother did not detain me for many years from following the bent of my inclinations. Father died first, and eight months after my darling mother followed, leaving me as I felt—alone in the world.

My sister, with her husband, who was a professor in a distant college, tried to induce me to live with them; but this I could not do for many reasons. I determined to take an extended trip in foreign countries.

In about a year after my bereavement, I had everything satisfactorily arranged, and was ready to carry out my long-cherished desire. I could give my friends no definite answer as to the length of time I would remain abroad. Indeed, I knew not whether I would return at all.

It really seemed to me, when my mother's death came, that I had lived through a life. With the coming of my first sorrow I had not thought of youth or age, but now a solemn truth, as it were, took possession of me. With my mother I always gained sweet refuge from the weariness of life; and I believe the deepest sense of my loss was realized when I was fairly out at sea, and the shores had receded from sight. The mystery and silence of the deep waters called forth a peculiar feeling of sadness which, under the circumstances, was almost unbearable; and this was all increased, I presume, by my being an entire stranger to everyone on board the steamer, and the sudden and sometimes protracted fits of sea-sickness.

By the time terra firma was reached, I felt that I was an object in life, and for awhile, amid the new scenes, my sorrows were somewhat softened, though I never forgot that there was a possibility of meeting one who had for so many years been uppermost in my mind.

Before starting on my journey, I decided on the route, believing that the aimless traveler seldom if ever gains any fixed knowledge of the advantages he enjoys. It had been planned to make an extended tour through England, France, and Spain, then settle down in Germany for the purpose of gratifying my intellectual taste.

My travels were full of interest, as are those of all who keep alive to the progress of this busy world; but nowhere did I see or hear anything of the lost. However, I could not think her dead;

the thought that we would meet again was ever flitting through my brain.

My stay in Germany was not quite five years, for word came to me that my sister and her husband had been drowned while out for a pleasure-trip on Lake Ontario. They left one little daughter, who, having been told much about her mother's only brother and almost only relative, desired him to visit America and take charge of her.

I turned toward the scenes of my youthful days with a burdened heart, because I felt that, despite the changes, there would be nothing for me but the old sad memories. However, after being with my young niece awhile, I was obliged to confess there was a reality in life. Nearly everywhere that I went, when she was away from her studies, she was by my side.

It was her youthful conversation and sparkling wit that left me little time for my accustomed bitter reflections. She was anxious to return over the ocean with me, but I deemed it best to have her education more complete in some branches.

Years passed, and brought many changes to niece Veda and myself. We were abroad, traveling here and there, and I began to realize that I was receiving more care than I gave, for Veda was one of those noble beings capable of any amount of self-sacrifice and devotion, and found me, I suspect, a selfish and willing subject.

One winter we were staying at Nice, having an enjoyable time with some friends, when to me another eventful episode occurred.

Veda, with several friends, had gone to Mentone for a few days, and I, engaged in my usual custom of perusing the papers from all parts of the globe, discovered in one from Paris the heading of a sensational article. In a twinkling I possessed all the intelligence which the brief notice contained. It stated that a woman by the name of Alberta Lopez had been found dead in her bed, with a pistol and newspaper by her side. Death was caused by a shot through the heart. That the paper contained some news

which gave rise to the rash act was quite evident, though what it was could not be ascertained.

My niece had long known that a tragic romance was connected with the life of her troublesome old uncle; nevertheless, to return from her journey and find me as she did, was a mystery she could not fathom. Later, I could explain to her; I had suffered and grown strong.

I now resolved to go and learn particulars. So we proceeded to Paris, and there learned that Matto Lopez, with his wife, had arrived in the city on business, only the day before the unfortunate woman met her death. It was thought that she saw something in the paper which lay by her side that bereft her of her senses.

Veda next expressed a wish to spend some time in Switzerland, and we finally settled down at Geneva near the lake. Our acquaintance in the place became quite extended, and among the new friends was one young fellow who apparently desired to make a separation between Veda and myself; but there was something about him that did not please me. He strongly reminded me of one who had crossed my path in by-gone days.

It did not take long for me to see that my niece fully reciprocated Mr. Wesson's tender feelings—in fact, they were as deeply fascinated as I had once been. Yet, despite all this, an insane resolve took possession of me, to end their happiness in some way. I informed Veda that we would pay a short visit to Scotland, then return once more to New York. She made no answer, but the bright color faded from her face, and in her eyes there came a look of intense longing.

The next morning, after I disclosed the news, Mr. Wesson came to me and desired my consent to his marriage with my dear girl. It was too much of a sacrifice. I had grown so purely selfish, that I would not for one moment think of it. Never did a young man plead and humble himself for the possession of a lady's hand more than did Mr. Wesson. That he had won her heart, I realized to my sorrow.

The following night was a brilliant one, and I knew the young people were together. I grew lonely and retired, but was aroused when the night was half-spent to be told by Veda's maid that she was not in her room. Veda not in her room!

We made a thorough search of the grounds surrounding our residence, then summoned friends to our assistance. Among them was one who had last seen the young couple wending their way toward the lake. So in speechless alarm we hastened our footsteps by the accustomed path to the placid sheet of water.

After diligent search, a coat was discovered on the bank containing a letter addressed to me in Veda's neat Italian style. Kind friends were obliged to read the parting words. They simply explained that she and Mr. Wesson could not separate. They would commit their bodies to a watery grave with the hope of resting in sweet and blissful union.

I was brought to my senses the next day by a message telling me that my presence was desired at the bedside of a man who was dying. I obeyed the request, and found, to my great surprise,

the man whom I felt had made my life one long experience of misery. He said it was not possible for him to die without making a confession of the harm he had done me.

It was quite the old old story, how he had proven to Alberta, during my absence from California, that I was false to her, and on my way back to New York had been drowned. Then, after the death of her mother, she listened to his entreaties and sought relief for her loneliness and grief in his passionate devotion. They had traveled all round, never remaining longer than five years in a place. That he had never possessed Alberta's love he well knew, and when she for the first time discovered—in Paris—by a newspaper that I was still alive, she waited for no more, but instantly committed the tragic deed.

But this was not the end of our affairs. I had been further deceived. Mr. Wesson, who had been the means of taking from me the remaining comfort in life, was the son of Matto and Alberta Lopez. The cruel man implored my forgiveness, urging that the finale should bring us in sympathy with each other.



THOU ATHENS!

SEDDIE POWERS SMITH.

O ROYAL City of the Violet Crown,
Dipping thy sandals in the sunlit sea,
The fadeless laurels of thy great renown
Upon thy brow still blossom royally!

Thou self-born! Springing from the Attic breast
The purple and the ermine of thy state;
The jeweled coronet upon thy crest—
The heraldry of grandeur at thy gate.

They all are here! The finger of decay
Destroys no star within the arching sky,
Nor writes thy name with those that pass away—
Thou Violet Crowned of Immortality!

THE SHADE OF WA-NE-A.

BY JENNY TERRILL RUPRECHT.



THE section of northern Ohio of which I write was little more than a wilderness when my good ancestors made this part of the country their home. They were regular Yankees, for in their veins flowed the mingled blood of the quaint Vermonter and unyielding Connecticuter, making a sort of calm and fearless combination, if I can correctly judge by an acquaintanceship with their numerous descendants.

My sturdy progenitors had emigrated to what was then the "Wild West" from a love of adventure, as well as a prospect of future profit; and had begun life here in true primitive fashion. They had located beyond the line of any regular roads, but certain trees had been blazed to show where a roadway would be cut through some day; and served to direct one to the nearest settlement or village for family supplies, if so small a hamlet could be called a village. Ground had been cleared, and a few log-houses built, without much grace of architecture, for present habitation.

Their father, my venerable ancestor, who was a well-to-do farmer in the East, had purchased this large tract of land, and divided it equally among his seven sons, three of whom were married, believing that to better their condition financially it were the wiser plan to place them in their early manhood where they could "grow up with the country," as he expressed it.

The dense forests on either side of their new-found homes rang with the strokes and re-echoed strokes of the keen axe; and monarch trees were laid low, to slowly die, and leave a place for vegetation of less extensive growth. Their second summer here found them each with an oasis richly abounding in the more common products of eastern fields and gardens.

To the south of my ancestors, as

nearly as can be ascertained, a small remnant of an Indian tribe occupied a sort of homeless home. They had never made known their tribal name, but from all I have been able to learn of their history, I take it they were the progeny of a few scions of the vanquished Eries, who had miraculously escaped the shafts of Indian warfare and the pestilence that swept this tribe, once numbering twelve thousand souls, forever out of sight. Another thing that makes this idea a rational one is, that the names of the two who figure in this sketch, were Nu-ka and Wa-ne-a, contractions, it seems to me, borrowed from the nomenclature of the Eries.

The old Indian who called himself Nu-ka often brought his young and pretty squaw, Wa-ne-a, with him to visit my ancient people, and as she sat busy at her bead-work, he leisurely talked, in a mixture of Indian and broken English, of the past greatness of his fathers, most of whom were in the "Happy Hunting-Grounds" of the Great Spirit, he said, pointing to the farther West.

Poor old Indian! He saw, too, with the eye of no uncertain prophet or seer, the final fate and extinction of the Indian nations; and by look and gesture, as well as by word, he foreshadowed their dying glory with a pathos that would have touched the most callous and unsympathetic heart.

One day, after an absence of weeks, he came, and in sad tones explained that his few red brethren in the south were all dead; and, as nearly as could be elicited by inquiry, some malignant fever had swept them off, one by one, until only Nu-ka and Wa-ne-a were left, the last distinctive members of the once prosperous Eries.

After this, he and his pretty squaw came oftener; and he would sometimes sit for an hour or more in front of my kindest relative's cabin, and speak in his strange way of the workings of the Great

Spirit. In every phenomenon of nature, that he could not explain, he beheld an act of the Almighty. Every sound in the forest was to him a sign or premonition of good or evil. He lived continually in the realms of the mysterious, and his imagination was as supremely creative as that of him who is poet-born. God was woven and interwoven in the wonderful and varied pictures that nature was ever spreading out before him, a lesson whose full beauty the white man has been dull at learning.

He needed no temple built with hands to worship in, but lifted up his voice in supplication whenever and wherever the inspiration came upon him. The deity he believed in outvied in purity that of either Greek or Roman, in spite of the refinement that has been accredited them. He gathered lesser gods around him to make manifest the inherent idea of an omnipresent power. Sometimes these flitted around him like fairies, sometimes he fancied he saw them on the top of a cliff that lifted itself up beside a rocky stream that, after various windings, reached Lake Erie.

A place of punishment after death was not enrolled in his theology. This earth was the only battlefield for vengeance and settlement. The Indian's higher life was begun by "smoking the pipe of peace" in his paradise of beautiful groves, and smooth lakes and rivers, where neither chilling winds nor tempests ever came; and mountain and volcano were leveled into one continuous "sweet land." I am sure this beautiful belief has helped to make the red man meet death with that heroism and bravery he has always shown.

Notwithstanding, however, Nu-ka's sublime faith, he had known the white man long enough to learn one bad habit, and that was the use of "fire water" as a beverage; and (according to Swedenborg) the evil spirit that hovered over his left shoulder grew to be something enormous, and evidenced that it had taken full possession of him whenever he indulged in the white man's nectar. At such times he became very abusive, and often attempted to take the life of

the pretty squaw-wife; and many were the occasions she begged to sleep under the bed of my kind-hearted ancestor, to hide away from her drunken and murderous spouse.

After a day or two of debauchery, he would find his way to my worthy progenitors' home, looking crestfallen and ashamed, and show his penitence for past misdeeds by repeatedly kissing Wa-ne-a, a trait he may have stolen from the white man, when they would both disappear in the forest, as happy, apparently, as if enjoying their honeymoon. Weeks would sometimes elapse before either of them would be seen again. There was some magic about the waters of Lake Erie, connected with a cloudless setting of the sun, as it seemed to sink into their depths, not exactly fresh in my memory. Sunsets then, as now, were not always cloudless; and they often tarried near this lake for days.

One evening, after an absence of more than a month, Nu-ka came back alone; and by no dint of questioning, put in the most assuring and persuasive manner, could be learned anything of the handsome Wa-ne-a save that the Great Spirit had taken her away.

Nu-ka on each successive visit grew more and more reticent, and gloomy almost to sullenness. Walking into the house of my ancestor without ceremony early one morning, he hoarsely whispered: "Wa-ne-a on the cliff last night! Wa-ne-a on the cliff! Nu-ka see her! Nu-ka see her!"

"Why did you not bring her to me, I have not seen her for so long?" asked the interested wife of my forefather.

He straightened himself up, and hesitated a moment as if a sudden paralysis had benumbed his tongue, and then slowly answered: "Ugh, Indian—no—bring! Great Spirit—bring!" and thus it was made known that he had seen in imagination Wa-ne-a's ghost the preceding night.

Almost nightly he visited the vicinity of the cliff, and in fancy saw pale spirit-forms come and go, the comely squaw's shade always the central figure. He grew weak and thin from these nocturnal

visits with supposed disembodied spirits, and the failure of his sorceries to win Wa-ne-a's spirit into its earthly tenement again; whom it may be in glad union he might have still retained as his own, had the white brother never intruded with the ruinous luxury of rum.

He came so often to repeat the story of the wondrous sights he saw on the cliff, and near a cave that opened its curiously-shaped mouth at the base of this elevation, that two of my bravest ancestors planned to visit this haunted place, at the hour ghosts are generally supposed to make their appearance. Slowly and cautiously they approached the spot, in greater fear of being discovered by Nu-ka, who had by a full half-hour preceded them, than of meeting with a score of ghosts, when suddenly they were arrested by strange sounds—blended of moans and what they took to be prayers, wherein they recognized the voice of Nu-ka.

They crouched behind a thrifty growth of underbrush, and watched his movements. They saw him enter the cave, where he remained what seemed a long time indeed to these waiting ones. Finally they came forth, and creeping stealthily from their hiding-place, they further saw him wearily climbing his way up toward the highest point of the cliff, halting to rest, now and then, as if something had transpired while he was in the cave that had shorn him of his strength; but at last he gained the summit, and there knelt.

The day had been a hot one, and the heat increased rather than decreased, through the earlier hours of the night. Great clouds, fantastic in shape, and stormy in color, were quickly gathering, partially hiding the light of a nearly full moon, and in a way to leave weird pictures on both earth and sky. With no great stretch of the imagination, one could define ghostly faces, and ghostly forms, winged for further journeyings. There was something decidedly awe-inspiring in these changing pictures painted by the Almighty Artist.

Nu-ka lifted up his voice in repetitions and re-repetitions of what was doubtless

a petition offered to the Great Spirit. Darker and darker grew the sky, the clouds dropping nearer and nearer to the earth, when finally, by the action of the wind, a cloud whirled itself into a shape so like the human form that it startled even my two unsuperstitious ancestors.

The quick eye of the Indian saw it first, and to him it was the spirit of Wa-ne-a. He reached up his hands pitifully, as if pleading to be taken to her, when a blinding flash of lightning, almost simultaneously followed by a deafening crash of thunder that shook the very earth, was a signal of an answer to his plea, for he lay prone and motionless.

His watchers, as soon as they had recovered sufficiently from the shock, clambered up the steep as quickly as possible to where he lay; but the spirit of the storm had borne his spirit away.

Through the driving storm, these two men bore the form of Nu-ka away to the home of my relative to whom he was most attached, and whose good wife had shown much love and sympathy for the pretty Wa-ne-a.

The subsequent day the cave he had been seen to enter was searched, and in it were found many exhibitions of Indian skill and various implements of Indian warfare; some of which I think have been handed down from generation to generation. An old owl sat on the limb of a tall tree near by, and set up its ominous too-hoo, too-hoo, while the searchers were at work. Entering a kind of side cavern that led off from the main cave, one of the men stumbled over some object, that, aided by the light of his lantern, he found to be a human skeleton. On the third bony finger of the left hand was a ring the appreciative wife earlier mentioned had given Wa-ne-a for some service rendered, knowing well this people's love of finery.

The secret was out now. It was not improbable that Nu-ka had killed the squaw-wife while in a drunken fit, and had hidden her body away in this subterranean chamber. He had truly loved

Wa-ne-a, and to do penance for his murderous act he had shut himself up from time to time in this dismal abode of the dead. The memory of this awful deed had haunted him, until he became partially demented; nevertheless, the Great Spirit had heard his prayer, and answered it by the lightning's stroke that severed soul and body.

A grave, patterned after the white man's, was dug by my historic ancestors,

where they laid Nu-ka and the bones of Wa-ne-a, with no red men there to officiate with their strange burial-rites, but to be left undisturbed until that glad morning when He who commanded Lazarus to "come forth" shall say to the sleeping nations of the earth: "Arise!"

After the burial of the two in one grave, nothing more was ever seen of the shade of Wa-ne-a.

MABEL.

BY ST. GEORGE BEST.

MABEL, not as time shows thee now,
In the years that are,
But as thou wilt be when thy brow
Is crowned with the star
And diadem of womanhood;
Thus, were I able,
I'd paint thee, Mabel,
For the eyes of the multitude.

'Twas thus I shadowed forth thy face,
In a dreamy mood,
Beneath the elms of Elmwood Place,
While the soft air wooed
The rustling branches of the trees,
And my fancy draped
The vision I shaped
Of thee, in flowing lines like these.

Thine eyes I pictured to me blue,
And thy hair of gold,
With gleams of sunshine darting through
Every mesh and fold.
Thy mother's matchless form was thine,
Thine her grace, air, all
That thought might recall
To far more careless hearts than mine.

O blue-eyed Mabel! child of love,
With a heart as soft
As the heart of the cooing dove
That coos in the loft,
Smile on in thy innocent sleep;
The day comes for thee,
As it came for me,
When the eyes of the dreamer must weep.



EDITED BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

Mrs. Humphreys will be glad through this Department to answer questions regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to her through the Magazine readers. Where especially desired, answers will be sent by mail; but, as far as possible, when the questions are of general interest, they will be answered through these columns.

Send all communications to Mrs. P. W. Humphreys, Station A, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEPTEMBER FLORAL NOTES.

JUDGING from the number of letters before me containing queries in regard to the floral display at the World's Fair, this number must be devoted almost entirely to "Answers to Correspondents;" but a few hints on floriculture, which should receive attention during September, will also be desirable.

If the callas, which have been resting during the summer, were not repotted in August, they should receive attention now. Repot in very rich soil, and water thoroughly. They will soon start into new growth, and after becoming well established, will require plenty of water and an occasional application of liquid manure throughout the winter blooming.

Pick all flower-stalks from the gladioli before they go to seed if you would have fine bulbs for next year's planting.

The chrysanthemums, which are beginning to show their flower bud, will require particular care. Keep the foliage clean, give them firm support, and keep up the supply of nutriment. Twice a

week will not be too often to apply the liquid manure when fine blossoms are desired. The beds may now be prepared for planting the bulbs next month.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I fear that many of my correspondents have been disappointed on account of the delay in answering questions in regard to the World's Fair flowers. I wish that I could impress it upon the minds of my readers that the magazine articles must be finished and sent in at least six weeks previous to the date of publication.



AZALEAS.

Early in the summer the letters began to come inquiring if I intended to visit the World's Fair, and if I would give an account of the floral display as early as possible, and mention, for the benefit of those who would go later, the exhibits worthy of special attention.

We visited the great "White City" during June, and as I have since prepared

several articles concerning it for the columns of different newspapers, letters have come from the readers of ARTHUR, who have noticed these descriptions in my regular newspaper columns, inquiring why these should have my first attention while the magazines are neglected.

I hope this will be a satisfactory explanation to all inquirers, for I have not had the opportunity to answer the letters personally, but have waited for the September number to convince all that the neglect was not intentional. A description in September of the June attractions must necessarily be a repetition of what has already appeared, as the fall-bloomers, which will prove most interesting when this is read, were just becoming rooted in June.

It was with feelings of disappointment that we viewed the display in the immediate vicinity of Horticultural Hall, for we had been led to expect so much from the "plants received from all the nations of the world;" and we found the space quite limited, and only pansies in bloom. But the exhibits within the building, and on the beautiful Wooded Island were simply magnificent. Although it proved disappointing to find only pansies, when we had expected a wealth of varied bloom surrounding the building, yet we must admit some of the finest specimens ever noticed were displayed. The two large beds on the east side of Horticultural Hall contained about a hundred and twenty thousand plants, and formed a solid mass of beautifully-shaded velvet flowers. The northern bed was especially lovely, as it contained many hybrids of immense size and rich coloring.

It was from this bed that the pansies were gathered to spread in the pathway of the Princess on the day of her first visit to the Fair. As she smilingly and sensibly passed beside the floral pathway without stepping on the blossoms, thousands of people pressed forward to gather the pansies as a memento. But in displaying the souvenir, no one will be able to say that it was crushed by Eulalia's dainty feet; and I am sure we all admired her the more for refusing to walk on the beauties.

It should be remembered that the soil and climate offers many difficulties to the ambitious landscape-gardener at Jackson Park; and many beautiful plants that thrive in neighboring States fail to grow here. Those in charge deserve a great deal of credit for painstaking, constant labor, and excellent ideas of grouping. The season must necessarily be very late on account of the cold winds from the lake, and many of the plants bloom several weeks later in Jackson Park than in the southern and eastern States.

Entering one of the electric launches or a gondola, rowed by the genuine Venetian gondoliers, and passing through



RHODODENDRON.

the lagoons around the beautiful Wooded Island, with its profusion of bloom, we could well imagine ourselves in fairyland, amid all the fragrance and beauty; and a stroll over one of the many bridges, and through the various walks on the island, will reveal many rare beauties.

The rhododendrons and hardy azaleas were simply magnificent throughout the month of June. The bushes seemed to thrive in the black porous soil, and the branches were borne down to the ground with the weight of masses of richly-tinted flowers. Snow-balls and many other hardy shrubs were also in the height of their beauty during June, but

there was nothing to surpass the immense rhododendron and azalea beds.

It is useless to attempt to mention the numberless small bloomers trailing along the ground and edging the various beds, which will continue their beauty throughout the season. As we study them, and note their sturdy growth and profuse blooming, the feeling of disappointment experienced on nearing Horticultural Hall changes to one of surprise and admiration, on realizing the patience and skill required to successfully grow the numerous varieties on the breezy Wooded Island.

A single stroll through the floral department within the building will give

bright blossoms, presents a very curious appearance.

While admiring the great pyramid of plants in the space below the central dome of Horticultural Hall, the immense bamboos, the showy palms, and the numerous decorative plants from every clime, we must not allow them to take our attention from the curious plants which grow without soil. The various water-plants are too well known to require description, and many valuable specimens are noticed at the Exposition. The odd little resurrection plant, which is transformed from a seemingly dead, dry stick, to a green, mossy, thriving plant, by simply setting the roots in water, is on exhibition, and many amateur florists searching for the curious in plant-life are adding it to their collection. But the wonderful orchids take the lead among these strange plants.

Those who witnessed the opening of the Fair, and the wonderful collection of eighteen thousand orchids on exhibition at the time, will never forget this rare beauty. Among these eighteen thousand there were said to be at least two thousand entirely different varieties. Many of the finest specimens, which were collected in Central America and Mexico, were transported just as they grew in their native homes, and when they reached Jackson Park were still clinging to their original branches and bark. It is said that "Senor Don Joaquin Bernardo, the Costa Rica minister to this country, contributed largely toward the magnificent representation of the young republic whose exhibit found its way to the grounds in twenty-one large boxes, and consisted of two thousand specimens."

Beautiful varieties of these rare plants may now be found scattered among the other flowers, many of them crowned with lovely blossoms with their curious forms and delicate tintings. A careful study of their characteristics and habits of growth will soon convince one that they may be successfully cultivated by the amateur.

Our expectations were also fully realized in the cacti. It is wonderful with



ORCHID.

a very slight idea of the beauty and variety of the plants and blossoms. The gorgeous display of palms and rare tropical plants seem at first to dwarf the smaller varieties, and many dainty bloomers will be overlooked if one does not take the trouble to search for new beauties and odd arrangements.

Two large plants of euphorbia splendens attract much attention; and those who are cultivating this strange plant may gain a new idea of training it. The odd thorny branches are bound securely to a firm wire frame, and one is trained in a perfect circle, the other to form a globe. The frames are about six feet in diameter, and the large hollow globe, with the surface covered with thorns and

what rapidity they commenced to take root and grow in the black porous soil, so different from their native earth. Many of the finest plants were gathered from the wilds of Arizona, and shipped to the Exposition with their roots dry and bare, yet the sturdy plants are full of vitality, and display their individual characteristics without a sign of wilting or decaying.

More surprising than all the others were the plants tossed in huge pile at one side of the building, dozens of them with their roots all exposed. Here they had lain for weeks, yet each plant was as plump and fresh looking as though just taken from the soil.

Large varieties were constantly being received at the Fair throughout the month of June, and during our stay in Chicago we noticed new boxes being opened each time we visited the grounds. The largest columns were shipped in boxes about fifteen feet long, and each box contained three plants of this length and a foot or more in diameter, lying side by side.

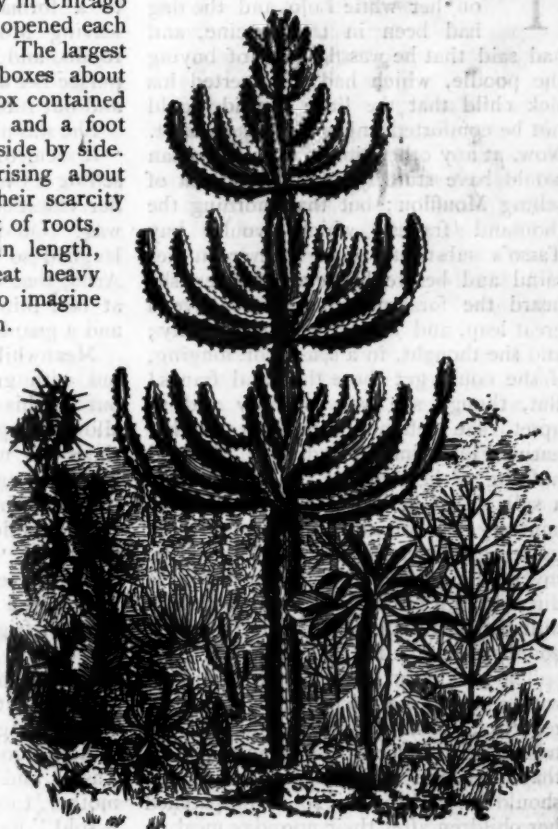
What seemed most surprising about these immense plants was their scarcity of roots. Only a small tuft of roots, sometimes less than a foot in length, was attached to these great heavy plants, and it was difficult to imagine how they could support them.

It was not uncommon, during the first weeks in June, to notice these large boxes, containing two or three plants, near a lagoon bridge, with the lid of the box removed and the little tuft of roots fully exposed to the sun. In passing the same spot a few minutes later, we would find that the box had been removed, and these wonderful plants would be standing on each side of the walk near the bridge. There they stood as if by magic, with perhaps a single frail prop to support them; and quite as wonderful as the rare beauty

and size and symmetry of the plant was its power to stand firm and stately in spite of shallow root-growth, porous soil, and the strong winds from Lake Michigan.

Very few of the cacti, within the building or throughout the grounds, contained blossoms—how could they be expected to bloom, under the circumstances?—but their fantastic forms appeal to all who are interested in whatever is strange and peculiar in nature.

I believe that all queries in regard to the Exposition have been included in these answers. The questions concerning bulbs and their culture will be answered in the October number. Information given early in the month will be in time to include all varieties.



EUPHORBIA.



GIRLS AND BOYS

MOUFFLOU.

PART II.

THE English gentleman had called on her while Lolo and the dog had been in the Cascine, and had said that he was desirous of buying the poodle, which had so diverted his sick child that the little invalid would not be comforted unless he possessed it. Now, at any other time the good woman would have sturdily refused any idea of selling Moufflou; but that morning the thousand francs, which would buy Tasso's substitute, were forever in her mind and before her eyes. When she heard the foreigner, her heart gave a great leap, and her head swam giddily; and she thought, in a spasm of longing, if she could get those thousand francs! But, though she was so dizzy and so upset, she retained her grip on her native Florentine shrewdness. She said nothing of her need of the money; not a syllable of her sore distress. On the contrary, she was coy and wary, affected great reluctance to part with her pet, invented a great offer made for him by a director of a circus, and finally let fall a hint that less than a thousand francs she could never take for poor Moufflou.

The gentleman assented with so much willingness to the price that she instantly regretted not having asked double. He told her that if she would take the poodle that afternoon to his hotel, the money should be paid to her; so she despatched her children after their noonday meal in various directions, and herself took

Moufflou to his doom. She could not believe her senses when ten hundred-franc notes were put into her hand. She scrawled her signature, Rosina Calabucci, to a formal receipt, and went away, leaving Moufflou in his new owner's rooms, and hearing his howls and moans pursue her all the way down the staircase and out into the air.

She was not easy at what she had done. "It seemed," she said to herself, "like selling a Christian." But then to keep her eldest son at home—what a joy that was! On the whole, she cried so and laughed so as she went down the Lung' Arno, that once or twice people looked at her, thinking her out of her senses, and a guard spoke to her angrily.

Meanwhile, Lolo was sick and delirious with grief. Twenty times he got out of his bed and screamed to be allowed to go with Moufflou, and twenty times his mother and his brothers put him back again and held him down and tried in vain to quiet him.

The child was beside himself with misery. "Moufflou! Moufflou!" he sobbed at every moment; and by night he was in a raging fever. And when his mother, frightened, ran in and called in the doctor of the quarter, that worthy shook his head and said something as to a shock of the nervous system, and muttered a long word—"meningitis."

Lolo took a hatred to the sight of Tasso, and thrust him away, and his mother, too. "It is for you Moufflou is sold," he said, with his little teeth and hands tight clinched.

After a day or two Tasso felt as if he could not bear his life, and went down to the hotel to see if the foreign gentleman would allow him to have Moufflou back for half an hour to quiet his little brother by a sight of him. But at the hotel he was told that the Milord Inglese, who had bought the dog of Rosina Calabucci, had gone that same night of the purchase to Rome, to Naples, to Palermo, *chi sa?*

"And Moufflou with him?" asked Tasso.

"The barbone he had bought went with him," said the porter of the hotel. "Such a beast! Howling, shrieking, raging all the day, and all the paint scratched off the salon door."

Poor Moufflou! Tasso's heart was heavy as he heard of that sad helpless misery of their bartered favorite and friend.

"What matter?" said his mother, fiercely, when he told her. "A dog is a dog. They will feed him better than we could. In a week he will have forgotten —ché!"

But Tasso feared that Moufflou would not forget. Lolo certainly would not. The doctor came to the bedside twice a day, and ice and water were kept on the aching hot little head that had got the malady with the long name, and for the chief part of the time Lolo lay quiet, dull, and stupid, breathing heavily, and then at intervals cried and sobbed and shrieked hysterically for Moufflou.

"Can you not get what he calls for to quiet him with a sight of it?" said the doctor. But that was not possible, and poor Rosina covered her head with her apron and felt a guilty creature.

"Still, you will not go to the army," she said to Tasso, clinging to that immense joy for her consolation. "Only think! we can pay Guido Squarcione to go for you. He always said he would go if anybody would pay him. Oh, my Tasso, surely to keep you is worth a dog's life!"

"And Lolo's?" said Tasso, gloomily. "Nay, mother, it works ill to meddle too much with fate. I drew my number; I was bound to go. Heaven

would have made it up to you somehow."

"Heaven sent me the foreigner; the Madonna's own self sent him to ease a mother's pain," said Rosina, rapidly and angrily. "There are the thousand francs safe to hand in the cassone, and what, pray, is it we miss? Only a dog like a sheep, that brought gallons of mud in with him every time it rained, and ate as much as any one of you."

"But Lolo?" said Tasso, under his breath.

His mother was so irritated and so tormented by her own conscience that she upset all the cabbage-broth into the burning charcoal.

"Lolo was always a little fool, thinking of nothing but the church and the dog and nasty field-flowers," she said, angrily. "I humored him ever too much because of the hurt to his hip, and so—and so—"

Then the poor soul made matters worse by dropping her tears into the saucepan, and fanning the charcoal so furiously that the flame caught her fan of cane-leaves, and would have burned her arm had not Tasso been there.

"You are my prop and safety always. Who would not have done what I did? Not Santa Felicita herself," she said, with a great sob.

But all this did not cure poor Lolo. The days and the weeks of the golden autumn weather passed away, and he was always in danger, and the small close room where he slept with Sandro and Beppo and Tasso was not one to cure such an illness as had now beset him. Tasso went to his work with a sick heart in the Cascine, where the colchicum was all lilac among the meadow grass, and the ashes and elms were taking their first flush of the coming autumnal change. He did not think Lolo would ever get well, and the good lad felt as if he had been the murderer of his little brother.

True, he had had no hand or voice in the sale of Moufflou, but Moufflou had been sold for his sake. It made him feel half guilty, very unhappy, quite unworthy all the sacrifice that had been made

for him. "Nobody should meddle with fate," thought Tasso, who knew his grandfather had died in San Bonifazio because he had driven himself mad over the dream-book trying to get lucky numbers for the lottery and become a rich man at a stroke.

It was rapture, indeed, to know that he was free of the army for a time at least, that he might go on undisturbed at his healthful labor, and get a rise in wages as time went on, and dwell in peace with his family, and perhaps—perhaps in time earn enough to marry pretty flaxen-haired Biondina, the daughter of the barber in the piazzetta. It was rapture indeed; but then poor Moufflou! and poor, poor Lolo! Tasso felt as if he had bought his own exemption by seeing his little brother and the good dog torn in pieces and buried alive for his service.

And where was poor Moufflou? Gone far away somewhere south in the hurrying, screeching, vomiting, braying train that it made Tasso giddy only to look at as it rushed by the green meadows beyond the Cascine on its way to the sea.

"If he could see the dog he cries so for, it might save him," said the doctor, who stood with a grave face watching Lolo.

But that was beyond anyone's power. No one could tell where Moufflou was. He might be carried away to England, to France, to Russia, to America—who could say? They did not know where his purchaser had gone. Moufflou even might be dead.

The poor mother, when the doctor said that, went and looked at the ten hundred-franc notes that were once like angels' faces to her, and said to them:

"Oh, you children of Satan, why did you tempt me? I sold the poor, innocent, trustful beast to get you, and now my child is dying!"

Her eldest son would stay at home, indeed; but if this little lame one died! Rosina Calabucci would have given up the notes and consented never to own five francs in her life if only she could have gone back over the time and kept

Moufflou, and seen his little master running out with him into the sunshine.

More than a month went by, and Lolo lay in the same state, his yellow hair shorn, his eyes dilated and yet stupid, life kept in him by a spoonful of milk, a lump of ice, a drink of lemon-water; always muttering, when he spoke at all, "Moufflou, Moufflou, dov' è Moufflou?" and lying for days together in somnolence and unconsciousness, with the fire eating at his brain and the weight lying on it like a stone.

The neighbors were kind, and brought fruit and the like, and sat up with him, and chattered so all at once in one continuous brawl that they were enough in themselves to kill him, for such is ever the Italian fashion of sympathy in all illness.

But Lolo did not get well, did not even seem to see the light at all, or to distinguish any sounds around him; and the doctor in plain words told Rosina Calabucci that her little boy must die. Die, and the church so near? She could not believe it. Could St. Mark, and St. George, and the rest that he had loved so do nothing for him? No, said the doctor, they could do nothing; the dog might do something, since the brain had so fastened on that one idea; but then they had sold the dog.

"Yes, I sold him!" said the poor mother, breaking into floods of remorseful tears.

So at last the end drew so nigh that one twilight time the priest came out of the great arched door that is next St. Mark, with the Host uplifted, and a little acolyte ringing the bell before it, and passed across the piazzetta, and went up the dark staircase of Rosina's dwelling, and passed through the weeping, terrified children, and went to the bedside of Lolo.

Lolo was unconscious, but the holy man touched his little body and limbs with the sacred oil, and prayed over him, and then stood sorrowful with bowed head. Lolo had had his first communion in the summer, and in his preparation for it had shown an intelligence and devoutness that had won the priest's gentle heart.

Standing there, the holy man commended the innocent soul to God. It was the last service to be rendered to him save that very last of all when the funeral office should be read above his little grave among the millions of nameless dead at the sepulchres of the poor at Trebbiano.

All was still as the priest's voice ceased; only the sobs of the mother and of the children broke the stillness as they kneeled; the hand of Biondina had stolen into Tasso's.

Suddenly, there was a loud scuffling noise; hurrying feet came patter, patter, patter up the stairs, a ball of mud and dust flew over the heads of the kneeling figures, fleet as the wind Moufflou dashed through the room and leaped upon the bed.

Lolo opened his heavy eyes, and a sudden light of consciousness gleamed in them like a sunbeam. "Moufflou!" he murmured, in his little thin faint voice. The dog pressed close to his breast and kissed his wasted face.

Moufflou was come home! And Lolo came home, too, for death let go its hold upon him. Little by little, very faintly and flickeringly, and very uncertainly at first, life returned to the poor little body, and reason to the tormented, heated little brain. Moufflou was his physician; Moufflou who, himself a skeleton under his matted curls, would not stir from his side, and looked at him all day long with two beaming brown eyes full of unutterable love.

Lolo was happy; he asked no questions—was too weak, indeed, even to wonder. He had Moufflou; that was enough.

Alas! though they dared not say so in his hearing, it was not enough for his elders. His mother and Tasso knew that the poodle had been sold and paid for; that they could lay no claim to keep him; and that almost certainly his purchaser would seek him out and assert his indisputable right to him. And then how would Lolo ever bear that second parting? Lolo, so weak that he weighed no more than if he had been a little bird.

Moufflou had, no doubt, traveled a long distance and suffered much. He was but skin and bone; he bore the marks of blows and kicks; his once silken hair was all discolored and matted; he had, no doubt, traveled far. But then his purchaser would be sure to ask for him, soon or late, at his old home; and then? Well, then, if they did not give him up themselves, the law would make them.

Rosina Calabucci and Tasso, though they dared say nothing before any of the children, felt their hearts in their mouths at every step on the stair, and the first interrogation of Tasso every evening when he came from his work was: "Has anyone come for Moufflou?"

For ten days no one came, and their first terrors lulled a little. On the eleventh morning, a feast-day, on which Tasso was not going to his labors, in the Cascine, there came a person, with a foreign look, who said the words they so much dreaded to hear: "Has the poodle that you sold to an English gentleman come back to you?"

Yes? His English master claimed him!

The servant said that they had missed the dog in Rome a few days after buying him and taking him there; that he had been searched for in vain, and that his master had thought it possible the animal might have found his way back to his old home—there had been stories of such wonderful sagacity in dogs—anyhow, he had sent for him on the chance. He was himself back on the Lung' Arno. The servant pulled from his pocket a chain, and said his orders were to take the poodle away at once: the little sick gentleman had fretted very much about his loss.

Tasso heard in a very agony of despair. To take Moufflou away now would be to kill Lolo—Lolo, so feeble still, so unable to understand, so passionately alive to every sight and sound of Moufflou, lying for hours together motionless with his hand buried in the poodle's curls, saying nothing, only smiling now and then, and murmuring a word or two in Moufflou's ear.

"The dog did come home," said Tasso, at length, in a low voice; "angels must have shown him the road, poor beast! From Rome! Only to think of it, from Rome! And he a dumb thing! I tell you he is here, honestly. So will you not trust me just so far as this: Will you let me go with you and speak to the English lord before you take the dog away? I have a little brother sorely ill—"

He could not speak more, for tears that choked his voice. At last the messenger agreed so far as this: Tasso might go first and see the master, but he would stay here and have a care they did not spirit the dog away. "For a thousand francs were paid for him," added the man; "and a dog that can come all the way from Rome by itself must be an uncanny creature."

Tasso thanked him, went upstairs, was thankful that his mother was at mass and could not dispute with him, took the ten hundred-franc notes from the old oak cassone, and with them in his breast-pocket walked out into the air. He was but a poor working-lad, but he had made up his mind to do an heroic deed, for self-sacrifice is always heroic. He went straightway to the hotel where the English milord was, and when he had got there remembered that still he did not know the name of Moufflou's owner; but the people of the hotel knew him as Rosina Calabucci's son, and guessed what he wanted, and said the gentleman who had lost the poodle was within upstairs and they would tell him.

Tasso waited some half-hour with his heart beating sorely against the packet of hundred-franc notes. At last he was beckoned upstairs, and there he saw a foreigner with a mild fair face, and a very lovely lady, and a delicate child who was lying on a couch.

"Moufflou! Where is Moufflou?" cried the little child, impatiently, as he saw the youth enter.

Tasso took his hat off, and stood in the doorway, an embrowned, healthy, not ungraceful figure, in his working-clothes of rough blue stuff.

"If you please, most illustrious," he stammered, "Moufflou has come home."

The child gave a cry of delight; the gentleman and lady one of wonder. Come home! All the way from Rome!

"Yes, he has, most illustrious," said Tasso, gaining courage and eloquence; "and now I want to beg something of you. We are poor, and I drew a bad number, and it was for that my mother sold Moufflou. For myself I did not know anything of it; but she thought she would buy my substitute, and of course she could. But Moufflou is come home, and my little brother Lolo, the little boy your most illustrious first saw playing with the poodle, fell ill of the grief of losing Moufflou, and for a month has lain saying nothing sensible, but only calling for the dog; and my old grandfather died of worrying himself mad over the lottery numbers. And Lolo was so near dying that the Blessed Host had been brought, and the holy oil had been put on him, when all at once there rushes in Moufflou, skin and bone, and covered with mud, and at the sight of him Lolo comes back to his senses; and that is now ten days ago, and though Lolo is still as weak as a new-born thing, he is always sensible, and takes what we give him to eat, and lies always looking at Moufflou, and smiling, and saying: 'Moufflou! Moufflou!' And, most illustrious, I know well you have bought the dog, and the law is with you, and by the law you claim it; but I thought perhaps, as Lolo loves him so, you would let us keep the dog, and would take back the thousand francs. And myself I will go and be a soldier, and heaven will take care of them all somehow."

Then Tasso, having said all this in one breathless, monotonous recitative, took the thousand francs out of his breast-pocket, and held them out timidly towards the foreign gentleman, who motioned them aside and stood silent.

"Did you understand, Victor?" he said, at last, to his little son.

The child hid his face in his cushions.

"Yes, I did understand something: let Lolo keep him. Moufflou was not happy with me."

But he burst out crying as he said it. Moufflou had run away from him. And Moufflou had never loved him, for all his sweet cakes and fond caresses and platefuls of delicate savory meats. Moufflou had run away and found his own road over two hundred miles and more to go back to some little hungry children, who never had enough to eat themselves, and so, certainly, could never give enough to eat to the dog. Poor little boy! He was so rich and so pampered and so powerful, and yet he could never make Moufflou love him!

Tasso, who understood nothing that was said, laid the ten hundred-franc notes down on a table near him.

"If you would take them, most illustrious, and give me back what my mother wrote when she sold Moufflou," he said, timidly, "I would pray for you night and day, and Lolo would, too. And as for the dog, we will get a puppy and train him for your little signorino; they can all do tricks, more or less—it comes by nature. And as for me, I will go to the army willingly; it is not right to interfere with fate. My old grandfather died mad because he would try to be a rich man by dreaming about it and pulling destiny by the ears, as if she were a kicking mule; only, I do pray of you, do not take away Moufflou. And to think he trotted all those miles and miles, and you carried him by train, too! and he never could have seen the road, and he has no power of speech to ask—"

Tasso broke down again in his eloquence, and drew the back of his hand across his wet eyelashes. The English gentleman was not altogether unmoved.

"Poor faithful dog!" he said, with a sigh. "I am afraid we were very cruel to him, meaning to be kind. No; we will not claim him. And I do not think you should go for a soldier; you seem so good a lad, and your mother must need you. Keep the money, my boy, and in payment you shall train up the puppy you talk of, and bring him to my little boy. I will come and see your mother and Lolo to-morrow. All the way from Rome! What wonderful sagacity! what matchless fidelity!"

You can imagine, without any telling of mine, the joy that reigned in Moufflou's home when Tasso returned thither with the money and the good tidings. His substitute was bought without a day's delay, and Lolo rapidly recovered. As for Moufflou, he could never tell them his troubles, his wanderings, his difficulties, his perils; he could never tell them by what miraculous knowledge he had found his way across Italy, from the gates of Rome to the gates of Florence. But he soon grew plump again, and merry, and his love for Lolo was yet greater than before.

By the winter all the family went to live on an estate near Spezia that the English gentleman had purchased, and there Moufflou was happier than ever. The little English boy is gaining strength in the soft air, and he and Lolo are great friends, and play with Moufflou and the poodle puppy half the day upon the sunny terraces and under the green orange-boughs. Tasso is one of the gardeners there; he will have to serve as a soldier probably in some category or another, but he is safe for the time, and is happy. Lolo, whose lameness will always exempt him from military service, when he grows to be a man means to be a florist, and a great one. He has learned to read, as the first step on the road of his ambition.

"But oh, Moufflou, how did you find your way home?" he asks the dog a hundred times a week.

How, indeed!

No one ever knew how Moufflou had made that long journey on foot, so many weary miles; but beyond a doubt he had done it alone and unaided, for if anyone had helped him they would have come home with him to claim the reward.

And that you may not wonder too greatly at Moufflou's miraculous journey on his four bare feet, I will add here two facts known to friends of mine, of whose truthfulness there can be no doubt.

One concerns a French poodle that was purchased in Paris by the friend of my friend, and brought all the way from Paris to Milan by train. In a few days after his arrival in Milan the poodle was

missing; and nothing more was heard or known of him until many weeks later his quondam owner in Paris, on opening his door one morning, found the dog dying on the threshold of his old home.

That is one fact; not a story, mind you, a fact.

The other is related to me by an Italian nobleman, who in his youth belonged to the Guardia Nobile of Tuscany. That brilliant corps of elegant gentlemen owned a regimental pet, a poodle also, a fine, merry, and handsome dog of its kind; and the officers all loved and made much of him, except, alas! the commandant of the regiment, who hated him, because when the officers were on parade or riding in escort the poodle was sure to be jumping and frisking about in front of them. It is difficult to see where the harm of this was, but this odious old martinet vowed vengeance against the dog, and, being of course all powerful in his own corps, ordered the exile from Florence of the poor fellow.

He was sent to a farm at Prato, twenty miles off, along the hills; but very soon he found his way back to Florence. He was then sent to Leghorn, forty miles off, but in a week's time had returned to his old comrades. He was then, by order of his unrelenting foe, shipped to the island of Sardinia. How he did it no one ever could tell, for he was carried safely to Sardinia and placed inland there in kind custody, but in some wonderful way the poor dog must have found out the sea and hidden himself on board a returning vessel, for in a month's time from his exile to the island he was back again among his comrades in Florence. Now, what I have to tell you almost breaks my heart to say, and will, I think, quite break yours to hear. Alas! the brute of a commandant, untouched by such marvelous cleverness and faithfulness, was his enemy to the bitter end, and, in inexorable hatred, had him shot! Oh, when you grow to manhood, and have power, use it with tenderness!



LIFE AND DEATH.

BY CHARLES BABSON SOULE.

LIFE is a river, whose perennial source
Springs from above.
The only flower blooming in its course
Is human love.

Death is a cavern, whose dark chambers have
Eternal scope.
The only bud that blossoms near the grave
Is human hope.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BY EVA M. KENNEDY.

ANSWER TO QUESTION 16.

"To make a perfect salad there should be a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for salt, and a madcap to stir the ingredients up and mix them well together."
—*Spanish Proverb.*

THE general principles which underlie the selection of the different materials to be used in the preparation of a harmoniously compounded salad may be described by quoting Sidney Smith's idea of the selection of the materials used in a salad :

"Two boiled potatoes, strained through a kitchen sieve,
Softness and smoothness to the salad give ;
Of mordant mustard take a single spoon—
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon ;
Yet deem it not, though man of taste, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town ;
True taste requires it, and your poet begs,
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole ;
And lastly, in the flavored compound toss
A magic teaspoonful of Anchovy sauce.
Oh, great and glorious ! Oh, herbaceous meat !
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat ;
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl."

The art of salad making may be acquired with some care and experience. The judicious use of the various ingredients employed, so as to suit the taste, is the main point. Salad should always be served when it is fresh and crisp ; vegetables, such as lettuce, cress, and celery, should be carefully wiped, picked, washed, and dried in a towel. When meat is used for salads, it should be pulled apart, or cut with a knife, instead of chopping ; always remove bits of fat, gristle, and skin.

The French are proverbially fond of salads, and probably no nation understands better the true art of making a delicious and appetizing dish.

ANSWER TO QUESTION 17.

THERE are six distinct classes of salad, viz : Vegetable salad, including boiled asparagus, boiled cauliflower, beet salad, red and white cabbage, lettuce, cress, celery, purslane, potato, sweet potato, and cucumber. Meat salad, including chicken, turkey, game, ham, and veal. Fish salad, including lobster, salmon, sardine, oyster, and herring. Fruit salad, such as orange salad. Flower salad, when nasturtiums and dandelions are used. And egg salad. Of course, the last three are not as generally used as the first three.

An eminent London physician has given the following recipe and manner of disposing of cucumber salad : Take one large cucumber, slice thin ; add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one table-

spoonful of pure olive-oil, a moderate amount of salt and pepper, with a suspicion of mustard. Stir the dressing well, pour over the cucumbers, and—throw the whole mixture into the gutter. This explains itself, and requires no comment.

"The idea of serving growing salad—to have the leaves sprout and develop before the company's eyes—is certainly an unique one. This is how it was accomplished at a recent Newport dinner: When the guests were seated, an oval, shallow, silver dish was brought in and placed in the center of the table. It contained a soil, part of unslacked lime, and part of the florist's loam, planted in which were germinating seeds that had previously been soaked five or six hours in alcohol. A servant watered the rich soil with tepid water, and almost immediately tiny green shoots began to show themselves. By the time the salad course was reached these had expanded into leaves about the size of a large mushroom, and were served and eaten with delicate French dressing. But there is a drawback to the charm; this miraculously grown salad is not palatable; it is flavorless and insipid. Most of us give the preference to less scenic effect and more good, crisp salad."

TRAINING HOUSEKEEPERS AND HOME COMPANIONS.

BY AUNT HOPE.

HOW many mothers form the idea that their daughters are too young to learn the science of housekeeping! So the years slip by until, as full-fledged butterflies of fashion, they have no desire for a domestic education.

We commence, when our girls are very small children, to teach them their letters, locate important places, and other rudiments of education, here a little and there a little, on up through childhood's years. Whether we will it so or not, our daughters will marry, some of them quite young. Is it less important that we commence their life-work while in

their babyhood? The little toddler can readily be taught habits of order and system: to put away, in their places, toys and picture-books and clothes; to have tiny well-fitting patterns for their dolls; and, if provided with plenty of material, to cut, fit, and complete each garment, and soon learn the general principles of dressmaking. A little work-basket, furnished with all necessary conveniences for mending, will be an extra inducement for helping mother with the dreaded account she has to settle each week with torn clothes and toeless stockings.

As the little ones cannot understand just why they should work, they should have some inducement to learn habits of thrift and economy. I give my little girl material for a pair of fine pillow-slips and a quilt or comfortable each year, with the understanding that she make them herself. They will soon learn the value of money, if they are paid sometimes for performing tasks that they particularly dislike. Each child should be allowed a small sum of money to expend at its own pleasure. Tiresome errands, feeding chickens, pulling weeds in the garden for the pigs, just a penny at a time, will make the proud possessor happier than a king.

After children have been taught to wash dishes properly, this very prosaic work should be varied by something more congenial: cake-making, some delicacy for tea, setting the sponge for bread and having the sole charge of it until taken from the oven, preparing and cooking a certain dish of vegetables for dinner, varying the menu for the next day, learning to make a fragrant cup of tea or coffee or a tempting slice of toast, letting them prepare a new kind of salad or dressing or pastry from a reliable cook-book. If they are accustomed to wearing sleeve-protectors and high-necked aprons, they can look clean and sweet at a moment's notice. The comfort of a household depends upon being ready for emergencies. It is necessary that there should be abundant supplies for a first-class meal, work planned, and clothing in order for unexpected events.

A wife or mother cannot make her life a success without regarding the laws of health, and these laws are too often violated when girls are away from a mother's watchful care. Throat and chest are left unprotected in inclement weather; a neat-fitting thin-soled boot is worn without overshoes, through rain and snow; corsets are drawn tightly over organs that are expected to support life; repeated coughs are neglected; they grow round-shouldered until air-cells are filled with germs of disease.

A domestic education will not prevent them from keeping up with the times in social and literary attainments, nor will it detract in the least from all the rational pastimes and pleasures of innocent happy childhood. Let them be bright and laughing merry girls, attractive and unselfish, sunbeams scattering clouds of strife and dissatisfaction.

Painstaking in their home education will make extra steps, and take time and patience; but a mother's mission is to train her little ones for lives of usefulness, and, if led aright by loving hands, the harvest will be returned tenfold.

SAVING THE SCRAPS AND WHITENING THE HANDS.

BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

I HAD intended to give this article a very different heading—to call it soap-making, in fact; but I happened to think just in time that city housekeepers would simply give it a passing glance and would not take the trouble to read anything on this subject, and it is for the city housekeepers that these hints are given.

Oh, no—I don't intend to explain all the mysteries of manufacturing soap; I could not if I would, for I never made a bar in my life. I know many thorough economical housekeepers who have, however, especially those who live in the country and have quantities of wood-ashes from which to obtain the lye for "soft soap," and where pails of soap-grease are soon collected from the generous supply of pork which is stored in

the cellar. With a can of condensed lye and one of these pails of soap-grease, many pounds of nice soap are quickly and easily made by the expert housekeeper, with a great saving of material that would otherwise be wasted.

But the city housekeeper should never have what is called "soap-grease," unless the family is very large and great quantities of meat are used. Pork is a luxury here, often costing more than beef or any other meat, and the fat that is obtained from the small quantity used is much more profitable for frying purposes than for making soap. In fact, drippings from any meat should never be allowed to accumulate in the city, where lard is expensive and we can never be perfectly sure what we are buying under the name of lard. All the fat saved from frying and that skimmed from the soups and gravies of fat meats can be used with advantage, within a day or two from the time it is collected, in frying potatoes, lean chops, etc. The food thus prepared will be quite as palatable, and even more healthful, than when quantities of lard and butter are used, and the saving will be "quite an item" in the course of a year.

But again I am wandering. I started to tell how to save scraps of soap, not scraps of meat and fat. How fast they accumulate! From bed-rooms, bathroom, kitchen, and laundry, may these small scraps be gathered, and the question soon arises: how shall they be used with the least time and trouble? Now, here is where the whitening of the hands comes in. Are we not told, over and over again, that oat-meal or corn-meal will help to keep the hands soft and white, if used thoroughly and systematically? Yet how many of us will take the trouble to have the meal convenient, where it will not be forgotten? And what a nuisance it is, dropping upon the carpet and "mussing" the wash-stand.

Wait until you have collected a nice little pile of soap-scraps that are too small for any other use. See that they are all scraps of good soap that will not injure the skin—castile, cuticura, Pears', ivory, etc. Take a teacupful of boiling water for each half-cupful of scraps, set

it on the stove, and, when the last small scrap has dissolved, stir in ground oat-meal while the water is still boiling, and thus form a stiff batter. Or, instead of the oat-meal, use finely ground corn-meal. A few drops of perfumery may be added, if desired. As soon as the batter becomes stiff, grease an old dish and pour the mixture in it. Just before this becomes hard and dry, cut it into cakes, and, when they harden, you will have an excellent soap for keeping the hands clean and white and free from grime. This is especially desirable where the youngsters come home from school with grimy inky fingers that seem to defy all common toilet-soaps to get them clean. With this rough soap, with its whitening properties, they are clean and soft in a surprisingly short time.

For using scraps of the common scrubbing-soaps, they may be dissolved in the same way, only using less water in proportion to the scraps; and when the substance is nearly cold, stir in a quantity of bath-brick or fine scouring-sand, and, when it is thick, allow it to cool and harden. This may be used for scouring tins, the kitchen sink, etc. I do not take this trouble with the common soap, however, as fine sand-soap may be purchased so cheaply. This is only one way to use the yellow soap; an easier method is to place the scraps in the soap-shaker—the little wire receptacle for holding soap, which may be bought for a few cents and is found in nearly all homes. In this little implement, the scraps remain until they are all dissolved by shaking them in the hot dish-water, etc. But the oat-meal or corn-meal soap cannot be purchased like the sand-soap, and it is well worth the trouble to make it, even if you do not take into consideration the saving of the scraps.

USEFUL ITEMS.

TO make pure and good baking-powder, take nine parts of bicarbonate of soda, eight parts of tartaric acid, ten parts of nice flour, mix thoroughly, and place in air-tight can.

It will be found that tea and coffee are much better when kept in glass fruit-cans, instead of tin canisters.

To make boots waterproof, and keep them soft, melt and mix thoroughly one pound of tallow, a half-pound of bees-wax, one-quarter pound of resin, two ounces of neat's-foot oil, and two ounces of glycerine. Apply it warm to the boots.

Paint spots may be removed from wood by covering it with a thick coating of lime and soda. Wash this off after it has stood for twenty-four hours.

The feather-duster should never be used in a room occupied by a consumptive patient, as it is veritably a germ distributor.

Tailors remove the shine from garments by creating steam rapidly within the fabric by the irons in the process of pressing.

To frost glass, make a clear solution of gum arabic, then prepare a strong solution of epsom salts in hot water. Mix the two together, and while warm brush it over the glass, where it will crystallize and make a very pretty pattern.

Precipitated chalk of the best quality, scented with orris-root, makes a good tooth-powder.

Never iron silk, as the heat of the iron takes all the life out of the goods, and makes it stringy and flabby. If creases in silk or ribbons must be pressed out, use one or two thicknesses of cloth over the material, so that the iron will not come in direct contact with the goods, and use only an iron that is moderately hot.

To make plaster of Paris so that it will not break easily, mix it with from three to ten per cent. of powdered marshmallow root.

To keep glue in a liquid state, and so that it will not become watery and offensive, soak some glue in water, dissolve it by heat, and add some strong vinegar, or a little nitric acid.

Jewelry can be made to look like new by washing it with alcohol, then drying and polishing with prepared chalk rubbed with flannel or chamois-skin.

Ordinary sticking-plaster is an excellent remedy for corns. It keeps the surface soft, and prevents the rubbing which causes the pain to corns.

To polish deer-horns scrub them with a brush and sand to take off the dirt and loose fiber; then polish them with rouge and rotten-stone applied with a flannel cloth, and varnish with copal varnish.

Cans of milk or butter can be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing some water, where air is circulating. As the cloth absorbs the water, cold is produced by evaporation.

There are three tests to show whether the dye in goods is a fast color. Dampen the cloth (a small piece) and rub it on clean white paper, and if no stain shows on the paper it is fast. Another similar test is to lay the piece between two pieces of white paper and iron it, and no color should show on the paper in this case either. Then again, the cloth may be covered with a piece of paper in which several holes have been cut, and placed in the strong sunlight for some time, and if the color is fast the color of the exposed parts should not have changed from that between the perforations of the paper.

To restore scorched linen: Peel and slice some onions, pound and squeeze them to extract the juice, and add to the juice one-half ounce of white soap cut fine, two ounces of fuller's-earth, and a half-pint of vinegar; boil all together. When it is cool, it should be poured on the scorched linen, and left to dry. Then wash the goods as usual, boiling well.

It will save much hard scrubbing if the kitchen floor is kept neatly painted; it will also present a much better appearance. Paint it once each year, and lay pieces of carpet down in front of the stoves and tables.

Clean woodwork which has been varnished with water to which some black tea has been added.

When cooking mushrooms, always use silver in knife, fork, and spoon. Then, if anything be wrong about the mushrooms, the silver will be tarnished.

There are many brands of furniture-polish on the market, some for using on pianos. Never be induced to buy, much less to use, any of them, until you have been informed on good authority—not the authority of salesman or agent—that it is really good and not injurious. There are many effective and perfectly harmless polishes that anyone can make at home. Simple linseed-oil is excellent. It must be remembered that to be successful with any polish it must be thoroughly rubbed into the wood, a few drops only at a time.

Bichromate of potash, added to glue, will render it waterproof.

To prevent articles of iron or steel from rusting, immerse or wash them, for a few moments, with a solution of carbonate of potash or soda.

To get rid of the unpleasant smell in a waterproof cloak, wrap the garment in fresh hay.

To take away the dullness from tortoise-shell pins, and other articles, rub them first with alcohol, so as to remove the grease and dirt, then dry and polish by rubbing them with bismuth-powder and soft flannels.

It is claimed that a silk handkerchief, which has been so often recommended for wiping eyeglasses or spectacles, is not good for such a purpose, as, if it is warm and dry, it makes the glasses electrical, and causes the dust to adhere to them.

Cracks in ivory may be filled with chalk made into a putty with mucilage or white glue. Magnesia and zinc-white also make a good putty for ivory cracks. Use as little mucilage or glue as possible in the putty.

A plate of perforated zinc, about a foot square, suspended over a gas-jet, is said to retain the noxious emanations from burning gas, which injures the binding of books, tarnishes gilt picture-frames and mouldings, and vitiates the atmosphere we have to breathe.

Before commencing to stone raisins, cover them with hot water, and let them stand from fifteen to twenty minutes; the seeds may then be removed quite easily without any waste.

HOW TO OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

THERE are many women of moderate means left to manage their own affairs who would like to open a bank account if they knew exactly how to do it, or if the idea had been suggested to them.

The average woman, brought up in utter ignorance of business methods, has a vague fear of banks as institutions which are liable to break upon slight provocation and bring their customers to ruin. Or else she regards them as impregnable fortresses, entrenched behind formidable barriers which she cannot surmount, and doing business in some mysterious manner incomprehensible to the female mind.

The truth is, that banks are established to facilitate the transaction of financial affairs. They are liable to mismanagement, like any other enterprise, but they are carried on on more conservative lines, and surrounded with more safeguards than almost any other business undertaking.

Women are not naturally more stupid than men. In fact, some women are more intelligent than some men. It is only because their training is different, and their education in practical matters too often neglected, that they seem dull, and are helpless in circumstances where ignorance is their only fault. If a knowledge of some of the more common forms of legal documents and business transactions were made a part of their early education, it would save them from an immense amount of embarrassment and anxiety in after life.

Fortunately, no special astuteness is required to open a bank account, or to carry it on afterwards, provided the necessary funds are forthcoming. It is very convenient to have even a small balance to draw against in case of need. If you have only fifty or a hundred dollars to spare at a time, it is safer to deposit it in the bank than to keep it by you subject to loss from fire or thieves. Choose, if possible, a bank whose managing officers are known to you as men

of integrity, responsible persons having a stake in the community, and whose reputation is involved in the successful conduct of their institution. If you are in a strange place, ask someone in whom you have confidence, or who occupies a confidential position in the town, to recommend a trustworthy one.

Having selected the house with which you mean to do business, get someone to introduce you to the president, or the cashier, if you are not personally known to him. Tell him that you wish to open an account, and he will take you to the teller. Remember that these are busy men, and probably have not much time to spare, so let your statements be brief and confined principally to the business in hand.

Give the money you have brought with you to the teller, who will give you a pass-book and a check-book. In the first he will enter the amount of your deposit, and whenever in the future you make a deposit, you should take it with you for the same purpose. Offer to pay for these books, as some banks make a small charge for them, while others present them free. The signatures of the customers are kept in a large book so that those on the checks may be compared with them. Write your name in this book carefully, and always use the same signature in signing checks. Do not, for instance, use your full Christian name at one time and initials at another. This concludes the ceremony of opening an account.

The check-book being secured, and the money in the bank, you wish, for example, to pay your dressmaker's bill, and send her a check for the amount. Date the check carefully; after the printed words PAY TO THE ORDER OF add her name. Write the sum to be paid in words, not figures, beginning at the extreme left hand side of the paper. If there is a space left between the last word and the printed DOLLARS on the check, fill it with a firm black line. This prevents anyone from inserting additional words before or after yours, and so altering the amount of the check, or "raising" it, as it is technically

termed. After the dollar sign (\$) in one corner, write the amount in figures. Sign your name exactly as you wrote it in the signature-book at the bank, and the check is ready to send.

Enter the date, the number of the check, the amount, and the name of the person to whom it was made payable, on the stub of the check-book, or on a leaf arranged for the purpose. It is with these that you must compare your checks when they are sent back from the bank cancelled, after being paid to the persons who presented them.

In sending money away, it is best to get a draft or a check signed by the cashier, as if you send your own check your creditor will have to pay something to have it cashed.

Keep a clear idea in your mind of the exact state of your bank account, and never overdraw your balance. We all know the story of the woman who remarked that she must have plenty of money left because she still had so many checks in her check-book! For the credit of our sex we believe this to be a masculine libel, but it is unbusiness-like and mortifying to an honest woman to give a check which must be dishonored for want of funds to meet it.

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT NOTHING BE LOST.

BY ANNIE CURD.

"YES, they are the nicest things to freshen up the table with that a housekeeper can possibly possess," said my friend, as she exhibited with no little pride the piece of work she held in her hand, which to all intents and purposes was a large hemstitched tray-cover, made of fine damask linen; "and I want to show you how beautifully they launder." Whereupon she opened a drawer, displaying to view a number of the same linen covers, immaculate in their whiteness, spread over the snowy napkins and table-cloths.

My friend is one of the best and most economical of housekeepers, and rarely makes a suggestion that doesn't contain

ideas worth remembering. Her husband is a merchant in a large city, and frequently has small remnants of fine table-linen left on his hands. These he brings home to his wife to use as she thinks best. As a rule, most merchants plan not to have remnants left, but occasionally it is unavoidable. The wise shopper will take advantage of such opportunities, as well as of "special sale of fine linens," so often advertised in the large city stores. Not infrequently a merchant, to close out a fine piece of table-linen, will sell a cloth three yards and a half in length nearly as cheaply as he would two yards and three-quarters (the amount you want for your table) from a fresh piece.

I lost no time in following out my friend's suggestion, and am now bountifully supplied with these same table conveniences, and find them a great help in keeping my table fresh and dainty. The first remnant I secured was one two yards in length. I first cut off the border on each side, which was ten inches wide. This left me a large piece, seventy-two by fifty-two inches, which I cut into four carving-cloths, hemstitching an inch and a half hem around each. To make them strong and durable, I did the hemstitching with No. 40 thread, taking up enough threads to make the stitching heavy. I think the effect on heavy linen is better done in this way, and certainly it stands the "wear and tear" of Bridget's muscles much better than when done with finer thread. In all hemstitching, I catch down lightly the opposite side, to keep both warp and woof intact.

Needing another dresser-cover for one of my bed-rooms, I basted together the two selvages, over-handing it neatly, then hemstitched an inch and a half hem all around, and the result was such a pretty scarf that it was made to do service on my sideboard instead. The over-seaming, or whipping, was so evenly done that when pressed on the wrong side the seam was hardly noticeable.

Sometimes I buy remnants and make them up into tray-covers, doyleys, and wash-cloths, and once, when I got a piece

cheap enough, I made six napkins to replace some which were wearing out, and as the design was a small check, I was very well pleased with the result. All housekeepers know how difficult it is to pour coffee without spotting the table-cloth, and the average man in carving a turkey or duck, when fortunate enough to escape without landing the fowl in the lap of a guest, is very prone to spatter grease or drop gravy on his wife's clean linen. Now, if one of these carving-cloths be placed under the platter, what a sense of relief it gives to the host, as in case of an accident it can be easily removed by the waitress. I make mine in pairs, corresponding in size and design, as when placed before the host and hostess they look better to be of uniform dimensions.

A piece of marbled oil-cloth, a trifle smaller than the table protector, is also a great saving to the table-cloth, placed at the end where the coffee is poured, and when covered with one of these cloths, no one knows of its existence on the table save hostess and waitress. It is much easier to take stains out of a small than a large article, as all housewives realize, and accidents to the cloth are much more apt to happen at the ends where host and hostess are seated.

Not only do these table "tidies" make a nice addition to your own linen closet, but a pair of them nicely hemmed makes a cheap and very acceptable little gift for a friend on her birthday, or as a Christmas or Easter present. The patterns in the flumask are sometimes outlined in colored silks, but for everyday use nothing looks better than the plain hemstitched "protectors," fine in quality, snowy white, and ironed until they shine.

BYE-GONES.

MOST elderly people can remember something of public interest in their lives, some one time when they came on the great stage of life, and were present at one of the dramas that make epochs; though it might be only

as a super or an attendant. There was an old woman living in our village who had led as humdrum a life of country monotony, you would suppose, as any laborer's wife; yet she could remember the coach decked with boughs and ribbons that brought the news of Waterloo to the village, on its way to the country town. She had once been in touch with the great events of the century when history was made. Another old lady whom I knew as a child, a Frenchwoman, living a quiet stagnant life in a seaport town, occupied with her cats and her garden, had as a girl of fifteen been forced to hide among the rocks to save herself from being carried off to represent the Goddess of Reason in one of the processions that took place at the time of the French Revolution. Nor is it only such very old people as these who have interesting recollections. A friend of mine was sitting next a placid, middle-aged lady at dinner, and was complaining to her that he had missed being present at any of the great events of modern times. "I have been out of it all," he said, "and no doubt that has been the case with you." She answered gravely: "I was in India through the Mutiny."

ON DOING HUMBLE WORK.

MR. RUSKIN, in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," gives this rule: "Prefer what is good of a lower or inferior work or material to bad of a higher; for this is the way to improve every kind of work, and to put every kind of material to better use." If we apply this maxim to the social fabric, it may be translated thus: "Be happy always in doing humble work—work which thou thinkest below thy powers, if this falls to thy lot. So the work will be done well; and herein is the secret of excellence in the work of a community, each member of it performing cheerfully a task strictly within his capabilities. Work of whatever kind so done leads almost surely to work of higher order."



EDITED BY EMILY H. MAY.

FASHION'S FADS.

AT this season but few new things in the fashions make an appearance. We have not quite put by the dainty summer gowns, and we are loath to put on anything that will make the long winter days appear longer. So light cashmeres, nun's-veiling, and all sorts of summer woollens are still worn,

with the gingham and challis and grenadines that are being "used up" for the summer days.

But there is little change to be anticipated in the fashions for the winter months. The revolution through which we have just passed has been a complete one, and all our anxieties about hoops and full skirts, round waists and points, have gradually settled down to a tolerably becoming costume, not artistic, to be sure, but comfortable.

As the sateens, chintzes, and dresses of other thin materials are folded away and placed in closets till next year, we find that nearly all fullness disappears from the upper part of skirts in the heavier fabrics. They are very much gored to fit closely about the hips, and flow widely at the bottom. Two or three skirts are worn, but, as we have so often said, these skirts should be seen only on tall slender people. The triple effect is frequently given by trimming, and bias bands of silk, satin, galloons, braids, and ribbons are used for this purpose. Flounces are put on singly or in groups, according to



FIG. 1.



FIGS. 2 AND 3.



FIG. 4.

fancy. Bows of ribbon are largely used to decorate skirts, and they are more "dressy" than other trimmings. All walking-skirts are made round, just clearing the ground, a stiff hem lining causing them to fall into the round plaits. The effect of the fashionable skirt is rather plain, one ruche or puff, or several rows of braid, or a narrow ruffle, is often the only trimming on the handsomest skirt.

The linings of all bodices should be well fitted; then drape them as you please, and they cannot fail to look well

if suited to the style of the figure. Full bodices much ruffled are still the fashion. For stout persons care should be taken that the ruffles are not too wide, nor too full, nor placed so as to fall too low toward the waist. Simplicity seems out of date on bodices. As yet most of the waists are left round, but the bust and shoulders are hidden with lace collars, berthas, etc.; even yokes are embroidered or fulled, and guipure Bruges, Irish, or other imitation point laces, are all used with good effect.



FIG. 5.

The surplice body is very popular, and is better for stout persons than wide collars and ruffles; the fullness crosses the shoulder on one side of the waist, and is becoming to nearly all figures. But the belted waist is destructive to all symmetry on a large woman. For her the waist slightly pointed back and front is necessary, and we are glad to notice that in many of the imported gowns, that the graceful points are being revived. All figures look well in these except very slender ones. Basques and jackets that are cut to reach below the waist-line are all becoming, and are all gradually gaining favor. In many cases these basques are added at the waist, like those of Annie of Austria's time. Lace is sometimes used to form these basques, at times with a slight fullness only, sometimes like a ruffle.

Sleeves are still large, often too large to be becoming, but this exaggerated style is not worn by the best-dressed people. In the early importation of French gowns, they are somewhat reduced in size. The "leg-of-mutton" is not the newest, but the prettiest, perhaps.

Short broad capes are the fashion, with a tendency to droop a little on the shoulder. For the early fall these capes are short, showing the waist-line, thus

enhancing its slimness. What will be done with the big sleeves under the jackets which are returning to favor, we do not know; the capes are more comfortable, the jackets more becoming. They will not be tight fitting, but will follow the shape of the figure, and not too long. Nothing is more becoming

to stout or slender figures than these jackets. The long-waisted effect produced by them seems to point to the return to longer waists in gowns. Perhaps the impetus in this direction was given by the dressmaker of the Princess May of Teck, in whose trousseau many bodices with pointed waists were found.

If there is not too much of the tight tailor-made effect shown, these pointed bodices are always becoming. It seems as if as long as the large sleeves are worn loose capes and cloaks must be fashionable as wraps. These articles have one great thing in their favor—they are so easily put on and off, and for tall people are stylish.

Bonnets are still rather small, and hats are of medium size. But it is too early to predict what the winter style will be—the later importations will tell us that. Just now we are using up summer head-gear as well as gowns.

Veils are all worn long, large enough



FIG. 6.

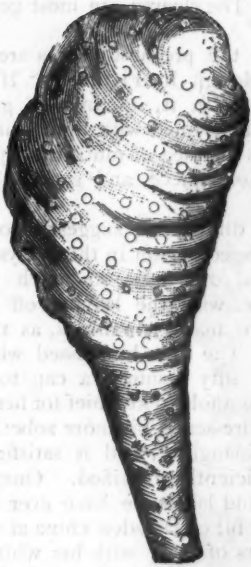


FIG. 7.

to cover the chin entirely. Dainty fichus made of mull, net, or lace are worn to freshen up old gowns; lace or chiffon are used as ruffles. Sometimes these fichus nearly cross over the front under a belt, sometimes they have long ends and tie at the back.

In Figure 1 we have one of the newest fall bodices. The yoke, collar, and caps to the sleeves are of delicate tan-colored cloth, like the skirt of the dress; the lower part of the bodice, torsade, and sleeves are of nut-brown Bengaline, and the ruffle on the bottom of the skirt is of this material. Or the order of things may be reversed, and the upper part of the corsage and skirt may be of the lighter material.

Figure 2 is a model of one of the newest imported gowns; it is gray camel's-hair; the skirt trimmed with four bands of the material, edged with ruffles of gray and gold shot silk. The corsage is round, with a belt of the silk, and the double cape is ornamented in the same way; the loose sleeves are fitted to the lower arm by plaits.

In Figure 3 we have a costume made of leather-colored tweed. The skirt is

quite plain, and the jacket one of the newest, yet not differing greatly from those worn recently. The sleeves are large, sufficiently so to admit of moderately big ones in the bodice, which is made of the tweed, with a waistcoat of folded red silk, ornamented with large buttons.

The model of Figure 4 gives us the style of 1836, one of the newest, and as becoming as the exaggerated sleeves and width of the shoulders will admit of. The skirt opens on the left side of the front, and is ornamented with a row of serpentine braid between two straight rows. The bodice is plain on the shoulders, the seams of which are made long, and has some gathers at the waist under a belt. Large buttons ornament



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

the left side of the bodice as well as the skirt; the round cape and deep pointed cuffs of the large sleeves are also ornamented with large pearl buttons.

The approaching cool weather will make light wraps obligatory, and the demi-saison ones are very stylish.

In Figure 5 we have one worn over a plain serge, which is finished above the hem by rows of hem-stitching. The jacket is half loose at the back, round in front, and has a large ruffle collar. The silk bodice is loose and of striped silk.

Figure 6 shows us one of the newest of the comfortable Eton jackets, and a stylish tailor-made gown. The skirt opens the whole length of the left side over a plaid silk under-skirt or panel, and has a pocket finished with braid. The jacket is also trimmed with braid both in front and at the back, and opens over a plaid silk skirt of the material of the panel. It fastens with buttons at

the top. The sleeves are most generous in size.

Among the prettiest sleeves are those like our design in Figure 7. If it has no stiffening in it, it hangs in graceful folds; but, if lined with light stiffening, it assumes the leg-of-mutton shape. It is cut in one piece, and gathered down the seam.

It is so difficult to suggest a gown for a middle-aged person in these days, when young and old dress so much in the same style, with the leaving off or the addition of many trimmings, as the case may be. The time has passed when the woman of fifty assumed a cap to cover her hair, or a folded kerchief for her neck; now she dresses a bit more soberly than her granddaughter, and is satisfied that she is sufficiently dignified. One of the daintiest old ladies we have ever known was like a bit of Dresden china at ninety-seven years of age; with her white hair, soft white shawl, and a bow of pink ribbon in the lace that formed her head-dress, she was a beautiful picture.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

The gown represented in Figure 8 might not have been quite suitable for our dear old lady, but it is admirable for any middle-aged or elderly woman. It is of soft gray camel's-hair, with a band of velvet around the bottom of the skirt, waist, and collar; the bodice is made with a slight fullness just in front, the sleeves are of the leg-of-mutton shape, and over the waistband and collar is laid a bit of heavy white lace.

The tendency still seems to be to have shoulder-wear droop, and to have the effect wider. A pretty new mantle made of striped beige is shown in Figure 9. It has a collar trimmed with jet, and broad wings of black satin.

We notice among the most novel of the mantles, that there is a cape to the elbows, with long ends in front, over which a belt is passed; or they are gathered with rosettes, and pinned to

the waist. These are very quaint and old-time looking. There is another to be described as a jacket-mantle-coat, a combination of the three forms. The back is tight-fitting, the fronts loose—meeting slightly crossed just below the bust—complicated affairs, and demanding too long a description. Many mantles have half sleeves; but "empire" ones have them large to the wrist, of the same material as the yoke, from which gathered lace depends, and is left transparent. "Bishop-sleeves," and a yoke of jetted velvet or satin, are worn on "empire mantles" of three-quarters length. Deep jet fringe may edge the yoke. Capes maintain their prestige, and rouleaux are employed on those of silk or satin; a collarette trimming the shoulders.

There is but little that is new in millinery. Hats are still all front and



FIG. 12.



FIG. 13.



FIG. 14.

no back, and are twisted into strange shapes occasionally. A flower or a bow of ribbon is frequently placed underneath the brim on the hair. Bonnets are small, and sometimes composed almost entirely of bows of wide ribbon, stiffened with wire to keep the bows in place. The bows may be edged with jet, as in Figure 10; or the bonnet may be, as in Figure 12, composed of velvet or satin, ornamented with black lace and ribbon; or, as in Figure 11, of straw, also trimmed with lace and ribbon.

Like their elders, children are now generally getting all the wear they can out of the remnants of the summer wardrobe. Yet some mothers wish to make a little preparation before the rush of later autumn work commences, so we give in Figure 15 a design for a girl's frock. The skirt is of the popular bell-shape, and is trimmed with three rouleaux of silk, which trimming is carried



FIG. 15.



FIG. 16.

out on the collarette; the sleeves are large and plain. The original of this frock was made for a girl of ten years of age, but it is a pretty model for one up to sixteen years old.

The boy's suit in Figure 16 is of leather-colored tweed, knickerbockers rather loose, and the coat for out-of-door wear long enough for fall use.

The frock given in Figure 13 is of plaid woolen, with collarette, collar, waistband, and cuffs of black velvet. The back of the bodice is plain, the front slightly full.

The cape, with a hood for the baby, is made of white cashmere or flannel, ornamented with a scalloped edge, above which is worked a rose-bud and a branch, done in white silk in Kensington or chain-stitch. The top of the pointed hood corresponds with the edge of the cape, and the whole is lined with white silk.

OUR WORK-TABLE.



FIG. 1.

The chair in Figure 1 of our Work-Table, from which our design is taken, is made of plain lacquered white and pink, and draped with a vallance in pompadour silk, edged with a narrow fringe, pink and pale-green, and headed with a scalloped galloon. It terminates on the right side with a large rosette, from the center of which droop heavy tassels and cord, whilst on the opposite side a band of plain plush secures it to the chair, next to a rosette and tassel. Small padded cushions encircle the arms, and are striped with Nile-green plush; on the seat large down cushion to match. The old windsor-chair of our grandmother's time will hardly know itself in all the bravery just described, and that the comfortable seat that has given so much pleasure in the kitchen corner may not feel too much out of place in the modern drawing-room, it may retain the soft color put on by the hand of time, or it may be painted of a delicate willow-green or warm brown. Hem a chintz cushion, and drapery at the back, omitting the fringe and tassels, and making frills of the material to take their place.

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We saw some time ago some old bandana handkerchiefs utilized as a cushion and drapery on a brown windsor-rocker, and they were very pretty.

The Work-Bag seen in Figure 2 is made of pale-green cloth, faced on the back, and lined with rose-colored silk. It is embroidered in sprays of flowers, for which we give in Figure 3 the pattern of the full size. This pattern may be varied on each spray to suit the taste. The pretty bag is useful as a catch-all in a room, or if made large enough can hold the soiled handkerchiefs and collars.

The Open Home-Made Blotter, as represented in Figure 4, is made of two pieces of stout cardboard $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. They are joined by a narrow band of firm linen. The green silk lining is first stretched and gummed with a half-inch turning, and with it is also made a three-cornered pocket to



FIG. 2.

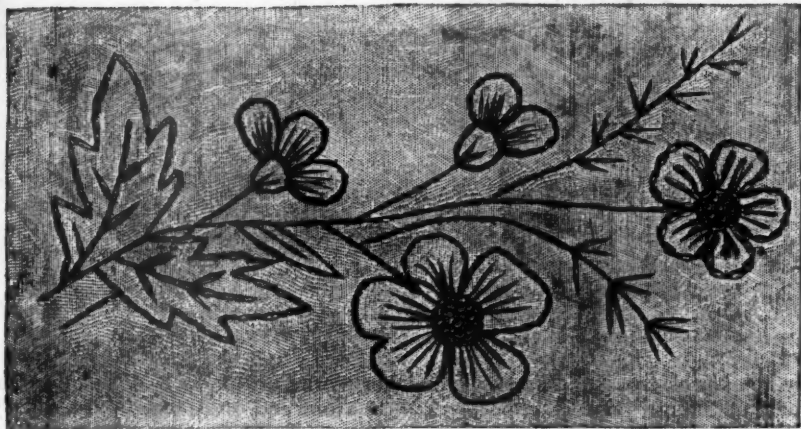


FIG. 3.

hold envelopes, cards, paper, etc. The old brocade or embroidery intended for the top is then gummed on, and afterwards the back in green moire silk, as was in our model. Sheets of blotting-paper are slipped through the elastic band in the center of the inside.

The Pomegranate Pincushion, which we illustrate in Figure 5, is made of red-tinted silk, and finished off with a che-

nille rosette or a pretty bow of ribbon. If hung from a long cord or ribbon, it is useful in any place, especially so for a man's bed-room.

Should there be too much time on hand, baby's bib can be just a little bit ornamented, as will be seen in Figure 6. Daisies, forget-me-nots, or lilies of the valley may be worked in white cotton on the bib, or some flower or animal

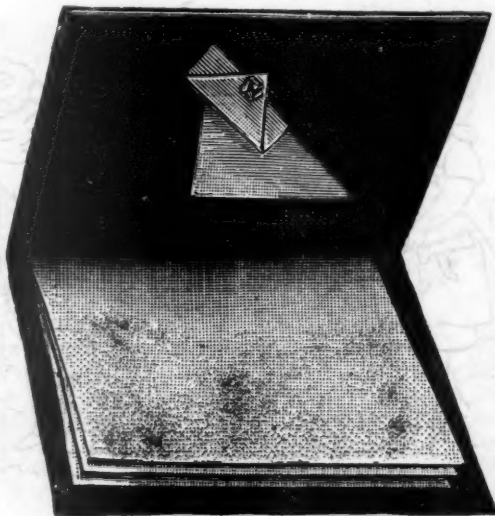


FIG. 4.

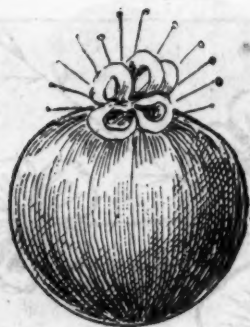


FIG. 5.



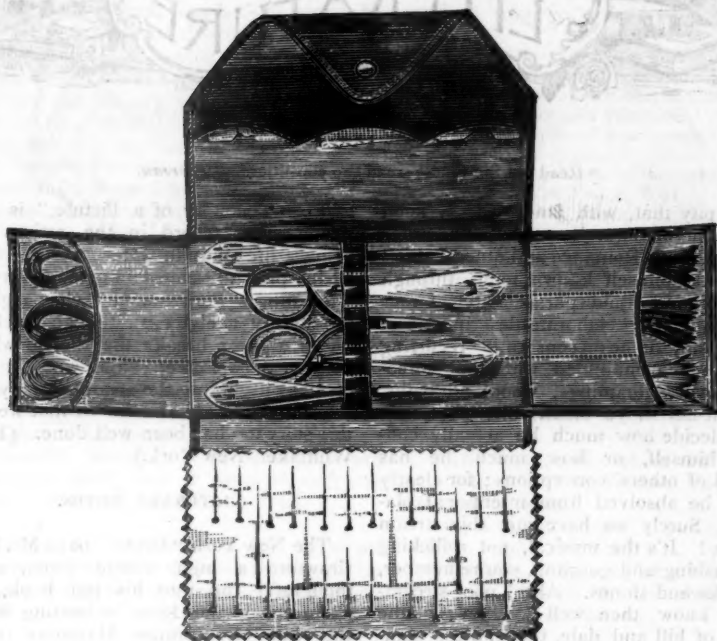
FIG. 6.

may be embroidered in chain or cross-stitch in colors, always remembering that dark red or blue or black are the only colors that really wash well. Or a bib can be made by taking a piece of fancy cotton braid or tape long enough to pass around the child's neck. Tie in a bow in the back; fold one corner of a pretty napkin over it, as shown by the sketch, and tack it securely at each side

or corner, and tack down the front. Sew one end of a piece of the tape just above the side corner, and join the other ends to the neck-band a little way from the neck of the bib, so they will nearly meet when the bib is tied on. They should be just long enough to hold the sides back with easy-fitting smoothness. White or colored napkins are used or squares of Turkish toweling.



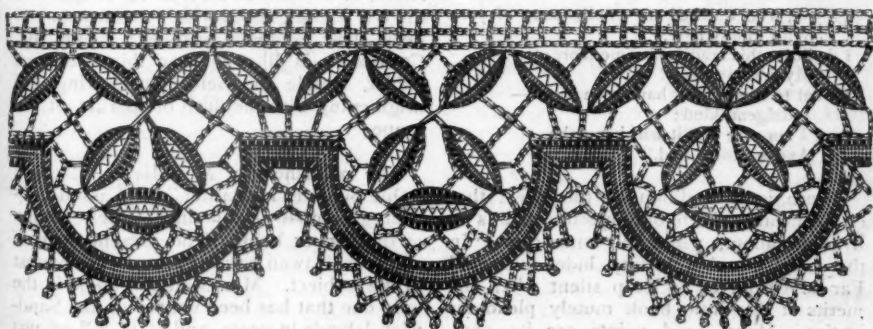
DESIGN IN OUTLINE STITCH.



HOUSEWIFE: WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY

The model here illustrated is eminently simple and useful, containing, as it does, needles, pins, silk, thread, and instruments for working; and in the pocket are buttons, hooks, thimble, etc. Either cloth, velvet, or dull kid can be used for

the outside, the lining being of silk, with a flannel leaf for the pins. The design of ivy-leaves can be either embroidered in silks or crewels. If kid be used for the outside, the design may be painted.



DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

LITERATURE

BY ANNA WHITTIER WENDELL.

"Read not the times; read the eternities."—*Thoreau*.

It is a pity that, with fancy and a keen appreciation of nature's moods, the writer of "A Millbrook Romance and other Tales" should make himself known to us through the stilted and timid phraseology of four decades ago. His elaborate descriptions of the dear old dames' constantly recurring charms are so entangled with the stereotyped dawns, gloamings, woodland paths, and what-not of yore olden time, that it is hard to decide how much he actually conceived himself, or how much he has absorbed of others' conceptions; for clearly he may be absolved from intentional plagiarism. Surely we have met this stream aforetime! It's the musical, not rollicking one, splashing and gurgling, you remember, over rocks and stones. Alas! poor streamlet, we know thee well! Likewise, the expanse of hill and dale, the endless summer day gently fading into night, to say nothing of the soft breath of the summer night lulling the waves into a gentle sleep!

The formality of the dialogue, too, strains us to the highest pitch of propriety. The heroes and heroines are bade to listen, and solicited to step within, not in, as in the case of commonplace mortals. Pondering these things we are glad the work has been trustingly dedicated to the author's parents in the following unique manner—we like to think of the indulgence we cannot imitate:

"To you, who watched my cradle once of yore
With kindly look,
I dedicate this cradle of some more;
My firstling book!
Be but to it what you have been to me—
Indulgent, kind;
And I am sure that it will happy be
And welcome find."

There is a tradition to the effect that critics meanly single out objective points to wrangle about, while all unnoticed—"In the rough marble beauty hides unseen." Far be it from us to keep silent when the merits of this little book mutely plead for justice. Many good points are its own. The narratives are for the most part well

told. "The story of a Picture," is almost strong; the record in the artist's diary being a life-study in a few words. Nearly all the plots are entertaining, and very often interesting. For instance: when nightly at the hour of twelve (12), the hoarse breathing of a ghost breaks the silence which is very real, we creep; and when it finally resolves itself into the steamboat plying up the sound, we are so relieved that we know this story too has been well done. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

LITERARY NOTES.

The New York "Critic" pays Mr. Marion Crawford a high tribute when, after a thoughtful dip into his last book, "The Children of the King"—bearing in mind the while Mr. Branden Matthews' reprobation of the reviewer who barely gives away the plot of a good book—it goes on: "We do not think it too much to say that the three masters of English prose in fiction to-day are Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Crawford. Their cups are very different; but each drinks from his own. Mr. Stevenson's is cunningly wrought of gold and studded with precious stones, and in admiring its form and color we almost forget at times the wine it holds; Mr. James's is opal-tinted, delicately fashioned, of slender and reserved shape, like the old puzzle-glasses which seem meant to keep their contents prisoner; while Mr. Crawford's is like a clear thin Venetian goblet, simple in itself, but glowing and brightening with the flush or sparkle of the grape."

The publishers of Mrs. Helen Mather's "One Summer in Hawaii," the Cassell Publishing Company, announce a new edition of that clever book. The present state of affairs in Hawaii have renewed the interest in the subject. Mrs. Mather's book is the only one that has been written on the Sandwich Islands in years, and it is full of just the sort of information that the public wants.

She describes the people, their manners and customs, the natural resources of the island, and gives a personal description of Queen Liliuokaulani, by whom she was entertained. The book is filled with illustrations, showing the scenery and public buildings, and gives portraits of the Queen and her predecessors in office. In few other books will there be found such a fund of valuable information concerning Hawaii, and it is imparted in a most entertaining manner.

Henry Holt & Co. publish shortly "Literary Criticisms for Students" by Professor Edward T. McLaughlin, of Yale: a volume of selections on literary æsthetics by the best-known English critics from Sir Philip Sydney to Walter Pater. They will also publish, "Representative English Literature," by Henry S. Pancoast, University Extension Lecturer. This contains a large proportion of literary history. The selections are somewhat fewer than is usual in such collections, but each complete in itself.

Mr. Kipling's thanks in rhyme to James Whitcomb Riley on receiving a copy of his volume "Children's Verses" have been much quoted, especially these lines, which

we repeat for those who have not seen them, and are admirers of both authors:

Your trail lies to the westward,
Mine back to my own place:
There is water between our lodges—
I have not seen your face.
But I have read your verses,
And I can guess the rest,
For in the hearts of the children
There is no East or West."

Apropos of Mr. Kipling's "lodge," it lies—or will when completed—on the side of a hill in the Green Mountain State, which admirers think nature has clothed, æsthetically speaking, more bountifully than any other. People made a mistake when they asserted Mr. Kipling didn't like America.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Tongue of Fire, or the True Power of Christianity," by William Arthur, A. M. (Harper & Bros.)

"Ai, A Social Vision," by Chas. Daniel. (Miller Pub. Co., Phila.)

"Quabbin," the story of a New England town, by Francis H. Underwood, LL. D. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

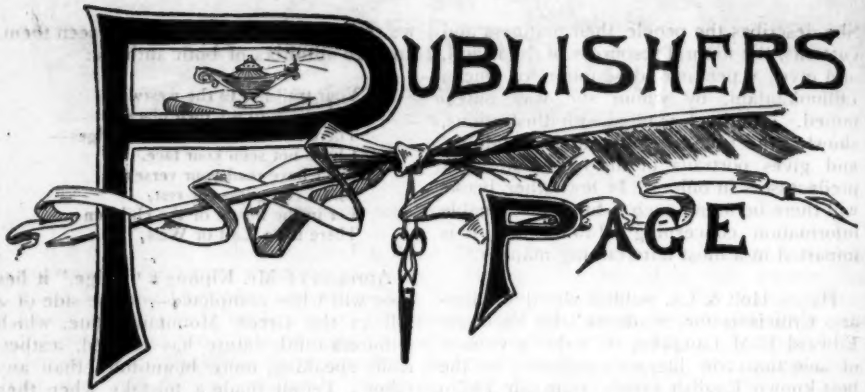


BOTHER.—How hard to bear are the little annoyances of life! The easier the couch is, the more we feel the crumpled rose-leaves. A lady was staying once with the late Lord Tennyson; they were old friends, and she was accustomed to his delightfully varying moods, so that his maintaining a profound silence during the two days of her stay did not surprise her. He was apparently sunk in meditation. But as he put her into the carriage that was to take her away, he broke the silence by a weighty sentence. "Good-bye," he said, "good-bye. Bother is worse than care." It was a great truth that he gave her as a parting gift, a truth which has been of real service to me ever since I heard the story. For "bother," which we mainly make for ourselves, need not exist. It is the "rift in the lute" often enough, and makes lives that ought to be prosperous mere strings of fretful, weary days. "Don't throw good worry away" is a piece of very sound advice.

VOL. LXIII—55.

MEN AND CHILDREN.—People say that nowadays women care much less—and men care much more—for children than they did. It would be a pity, were it really the case, that women should forsake their old love; a pity for the coming generation, and a still greater pity for the women themselves. But, as far as men are concerned, I believe myself that they have always been fond of children, only until lately it has not been the fashion to say so. We do not suppose that they ever cared for tiresome, spoilt children. It must be owned that these are not an attractive race at any time, and it is only the people who spoil them that have a tenderness for the poor little wretches. But the average man has always been fond of the average child. I remember a pretty story told me by a friend, of the time when she was a child and used to go to children's parties in London, and the Duke of Wellington used to look in sometimes, and nothing pleased him better than that all the children should join hands and dance round him.

PUBLISHERS PAGE



THE attention of our readers is directed to the new premium offers to be found on our advertising pages 20 and 21. They are all very desirable and useful premiums, and by a little effort every one of our subscribers can get one or all of them.

Begin at once, showing your friends a copy of the Magazine, which is fully worth double the price asked for it. Point out to them its merits, its low price, and the valuable cut paper-pattern offer, and you should have no difficulty in getting one or more new subscribers for it. We are reaching out for a large increase in our circulation this fall and winter (at least double). You can help us by soliciting your friends to become subscribers, at the same time receiving one or more of these choice premiums as a reward for your work.

PEOPLE do not discover it until too late that the so-called washing-powders not only eat up their clothes, but ruin their skin and cause rheumatism. Use nothing but Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

LAUGHTER.—There can be little question that an artificial or civilized life tends to check spontaneous laughter, as it develops self-repression and self-control. We are not less laughter-loving than our forefathers; but we are more nice in our discrimination of what is laughable, and more constrained in the expression of any and all feelings. But if we have lost some common mirth, we

have gained immensely in the art of the conventional smile. Even the weakest among us now knows how to suffer with apparent pleasure.

THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS cover nearly 200 acres. A stranger would get lost without a guide among the hundreds of buildings. The handiest and most convenient one is issued by the Chicago Scale Co., Chicago, Ill., which is furnished free upon application to them, or mailed to any address for two cents to pay postage.

METAPHOR IN THE BIBLE.—“Oh, but this is figurative language!” And with this convenient phrase many persons empty Holy Scripture of all its force, get rid of all strong expressions, and water down Bible-words to suit their own notions. As if human language could possibly convey more than a fraction of Infinite Truth! As if God's great meaning were not larger and greater than man's tongue could utter or mind comprehend! Be sure that metaphor in the Bible is but the veil of truth, more wondrous than the literal meaning, and not less so.

SERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—Milk-train in collision; no milkman turns up; disappointed housekeepers; coffee without cream. A petty annoyance resulting from a neglect to keep the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in the house. Order now for future exigencies from Grocer or Druggist.

No. 5585—Ladies' Basque.

Price, 30 cents.

WITH CIRCULAR SKIRT PORTION.

**No. 1294—Ladies' Eton Jacket.**

Price, 25 cents.

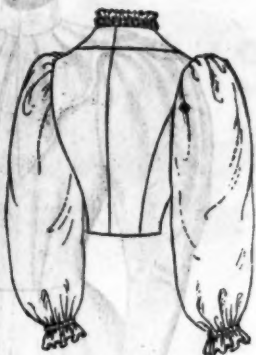
WITH MILITARY EFFECT.

This is worn with any kind of a wash or silk shirt-waist, and a skirt of the same material as the jacket forms a stylish gown. Silk binding-braid forms a pleasing finish, decorating the jacket, although it is perfect if finished perfectly plain.

**No. 1301—Girls' Blazer.**

Price, 25 cents.

The above design is adapted for any light-weight cloth.



No. 5569—Ladies' Round Waist.

Price, 20 cents.

This meets the call for a style of round waist that was popular in the 1830 period, and has now been revived this season, and combines in forming a quaint costume worn with any of the new wide skirts. A full vest of silk or other soft-texture goods is finished at the neck with a tucked shirred frill, and the notched revers extending to the waistline are usually of contrasting material, such as satin, silk, or velvet, and the Bishop sleeves may be shirred or gathered to a band at the wrists.



No. 614—Little Girls' Coat.

Price, 30 cents.

This is a becoming and quaint appearing long coat for little girls, measuring from 19 to 24 inches bust measure. the triple cape is an addition to the garment, and the skirt portion is laid in box-plaits and gathered to the plain waist-portion that is turned back at the neck to form revers.



No. 1292—Ladies' Cape.

Price, 35 cents.

No. 5587—Young Ladies' Waist.

Price, 30 cents.

This design is adapted for any material.



No. 4920—Ladies' Gymnasium Suit.

Price, 35 cents.

UNIKIN TROUSERS.

This pattern, cutting from 30 to 40 inches bust measure, shows another style of suit specially designed for gymnastic exercises, and gives perfect ease and comfort when being worn. The blouse-waist has a rolling collar and full sleeves, and an elastic confines it at the waist, an elastic also being used at the waist-line of the trousers instead of the usual belt. The trousers are made after the order of the divided skirt, with the fullness at the lower edge gathered into bands. Canvas shoes are worn with this suit. A medium size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch flannel.



No. 8047—Ladies' Wrapper.

Price, 35 cents.

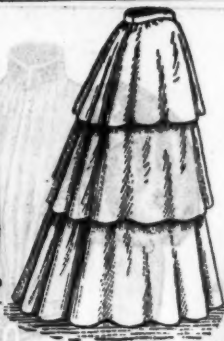
LOOSE FRONT.

The above design is adapted for any material.



No. 1312—Misses' Nightgown.

Price, 25 cents.



No. 5596—Ladies' Skirt.

Price, 30 cents.

The attached coupon entitles any subscriber to ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE to any one of the "Domestic" Paper Patterns of a value not to exceed twenty-five cents.

Cut it out, and send it with your name and address, and the number and size of the pattern wanted, plainly written in ink, to the "Domestic" Publishing Company (not us), and enclose them six cents. If you want a pattern the price of which exceeds twenty-five cents, enclose the difference in stamps in addition to the six cents, as this coupon is only good for twenty-five cents.

You may select any pattern on this or the three preceding pages, or in either of the current "Domestic" publications.

Send them two cents for a "Style," a monthly eight-page paper containing the latest designs; or twenty cents for the "Domestic Fashion Review," a quarterly containing more than one thousand seasonable patterns.

We cannot undertake to extend this offer to any persons who are not bona fide subscribers to our Magazine.

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GENTLEMEN: If presented before December 1st, 1893, please furnish any subscriber to ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE, a "Domestic" Paper Pattern of the retail value of twenty-five cents or less, when six cents in stamps is enclosed with the coupon. If the pattern selected is more than twenty-five cents, additional stamps will be enclosed by the person ordering the pattern to make up the amount.

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Yours truly,

ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN: I hereby certify that I am a regular subscriber to the ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE, and entitled to the use of the above order before December 1st, 1893.

Please send me pattern No.; size, for which I enclose six cents in postage-stamps, and cents additional for difference in cost over twenty-five cents.

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Street or P. O. Box,

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Always give the size of the pattern you order. If for a child, add the age.

This coupon is only good for a pattern when accompanied with the requisite amount of stamps. Coupons will not be accepted in place of money.

I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING

(Copyrighted by Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 1893.)

Peptik Bread.

Bread without yeast.—Lighter, sweeter and more healthful than yeast bread.—Ready for the oven in ten minutes, without the hands touching the dough.

The method of raising bread with yeast is tedious, laborious, uncertain, wasteful and unscientific; to raise bread in this way a

Objections to Yeast Bread.

part of the nutrient properties of the flour is destroyed by fermentation, and often the bread is sour, containing the germs of fermentation, making it totally unfit for use by persons of weak digestion.

All these objections and many others are removed by using Peptik Bread. Bread made by the following recipe does not contain any yeast germs, will not ferment in the stomach, will never be sour, will have a sweet and agreeable smell and taste, and will contain all the natural properties and nourishment of the flour. It will keep moist and palatable longer than yeast bread, and can be eaten hot or cold without disagreeing with the weakest stomach.

Advantages of Peptik Bread.

It promotes digestion and we call it our Peptik Bread.

Recipe for One Loaf.
One quart flour,
One teaspoonful salt,
One and one-half rounded teaspoonfuls Cleveland's baking powder,
About one pint cold water.

Mix the flour, salt, and baking powder thoroughly, by rubbing through a sieve, *twice*, into your bread bowl. Then make a well in the centre and pour into this all the water.

With a large spoon stir quickly together, and when *all* the flour is wet turn at once into a well greased baking pan. The pan should be four inches wide, four inches deep, and eight inches long.

Do not knead the dough or beat it.

After the dough has been turned into the pan smooth the top of the dough with a knife dipped into melted butter, and bake at once in a moderate oven one hour. As soon as baked remove from the pan, sprinkle with water and wrap in a bread cloth until cold.

To insure success.

We do not promise you success with the foregoing recipe unless you follow directions implicitly, and use Cleveland's Superior baking powder. This baking powder is not only *Superior* in name, but is superior in strength, wholesomeness and certainty. It is *pure and sure*.

Other recipes for making loaf bread with baking powder have been published

Caution.

recently, but the original recipe for the genuine Peptik Bread is here given, and is copyrighted by the Cleveland Baking Powder Co.

If you will follow directions you will have beautiful, white, sweet, wholesome and nutritious bread, with flaky and tender crust.

What one lady writes.

"I have been making all my bread this way for many months," writes one lady, "and thanks to Cleveland's baking powder our table has been supplied with the finest bread we ever ate: it is healthier and less fat-producing than yeast bread. • This use alone of your baking powder has been worth hundreds of dollars to me; the bread is so light, so sweet and good, and so little trouble to make."

We also have directions for Peptik Graham Bread. If you would like them and also a copy of our cook book containing 400 choice recipes, send stamp and address.

A quarter pound can of Cleveland's Baking Powder sent on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps.

CLEVELAND BAKING POWDER CO.,
81 & 83 Fulton Street, New York.

Peptik Bread is made with Cleveland's Baking Powder.

The best bread. The best baking powder.

In answering advertisements, our readers will please mention this Magazine.

I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING.

DUET.

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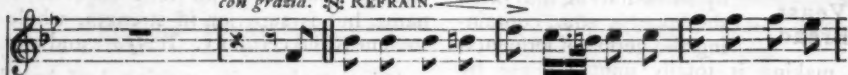
Words from "The Afterglow."

Music by CIRO PINSUTI.

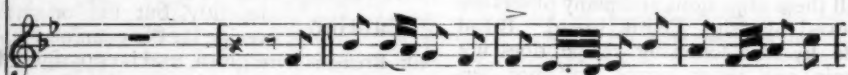
Allegretto Brios.



con grazia. & REFRAIN.



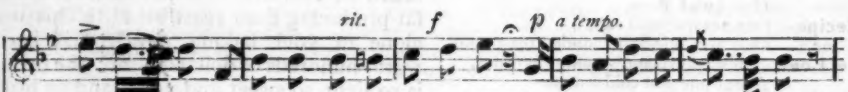
1. I sing be-cause I love to sing, Be-cause in - stinctive



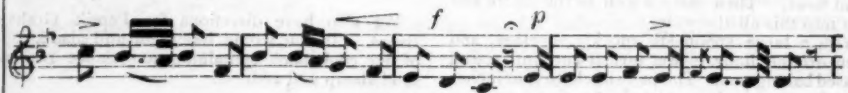
2. I sing be-cause I love to sing, Be-cause in - stinctive



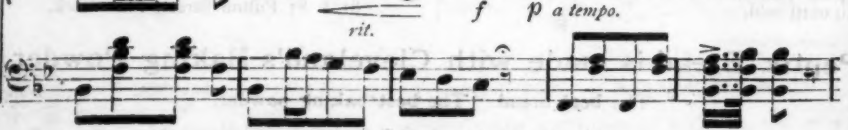
leggiero.



fan - cies move, Be-cause it hurts no earth-ly thing, Because it pleas-es some I love.



fan - cies move, Be-cause it hurts no earth-ly thing, Because it pleas-es some I love.



I SING BECAUSE I LOVE TO SING.



Be- cause it cheats night's weary hours, Be-cause it cheers the brightest day, Be-



cause, like pray'r and light and flow'rs, It helps me on my wea-ry way! I



D.S. Refrain.



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